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T·L·S

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Private View at the Royal Academy, 1888, detail of the picture by H. J. Brooks in the National Portrait Gallery... In the foreground, from left to right, are John, Fifth Earl of Spencer; Sir Charles Russell; Charlotte, Countess Spencer; Miss M. Tennant (afterwards Mrs Asquith); W. E. Gladstone; Lord Burton; Sir W. Agnew; J. C. Horsley; G. F. Watts; Ayscough Fawkes; Fred (later Sir Frederick) Eaton.

ust before the Second World War a story, almost certainly apocryphal, was circulating in artistic circles in London. It concerned a young and earnest but unconventional art historian from Central Europe whose first visit to England took place when she arrived there as a refugee from the Nazis. After a few weeks spent in exploring the capital she expressed intense surprise at finding such splendid museums and picture galleries here. She had always understood that the English were a race of philistines without any taste for the arts they possessed, she had frequently been told, was notoriously bad. In fact, such a view is much less surprising in the 1930s than it would be today, for conformed with the strongly anti-historian and, indeed, anti-nineteenth-century trends current in intellectual circles in the 1920s and 1930s when, so far as the arts were concerned, the (in this respect) bale-

FRANK HERRMANN (Editor) :
The English as Collectors
461pp plus 96 illustrations. Chatto and Windus. £10.

OLIVER MILLAR (Editor) :
The Inventories and Valuations of the King's Goods 1649-1651
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ful influence of Roger Fry was pervasive.

So far as the museums were concerned the governmental record was indeed deplorably philistine. In 1847 Mrs Jameson was writing: "It has been a subject of astonishment to intelligent foreigners that in a country like England, possessed of such vast resources of wealth and power, no National Gallery of art should have existed till within the last twenty years". Vienna, Paris, Amsterdam, Madrid and Berlin were all ahead of us in this respect. And when the opportunity to acquire the Angerstein collection seemed to provide the ideal stimulus to the creation of a national picture collection, it was only the fortunate repayment of an Austrian loan of some £6m. which enabled Lord Liverpool to stand up to fierce economic opposition to the scheme within the ranks of his own followers. It is true that even had the nation failed to purchase them,

the Angerstein paintings might eventually have come into public ownership through the generosity of a private collector. Sir George Beaumont told Lord Dover in 1823 that Lord Hertford, a collector seldom defeated when he set his mind to gaining possession of any work of art, was negotiating for them. It is an entertaining thought that Nos 1-38 of the National Gallery catalogue might now be adding to the glories of Hertford House (by far the most generous gift ever made to any nation by a private collector) with Sebastiano del Piombo's "Raising of Lazarus" dominating the great gallery in place of Champaigne's "Annunciation", and with Hogarth's "Marriage à la Mode" series hanging among the Watteaus and Lancrets to whom the English artist was so deeply indebted.

In December, 1823, after much negotiation, the thirty-eight Angerstein paintings were bought by the nation for £57,000, as against the owner's own valuation of £76,000, and Lawrence's earlier suggestion that he should ask the Prince of Orange "not less than £70,000" for them. It was certainly a bargain price. Earlier on, Beckford had offered £16,000 for three of its masterpieces alone: the "Raising of Lazarus", the "Marriage à la Mode" series, and one of the two Annibale Caraccis. Even such somewhat grudging generosity on the part of the public Treasury as this purchase did not last long however. When Lawrence died six years later, requesting in his will that his collection of old master drawings, certainly the finest ever assembled in England, be offered first to George IV and, if refused, to the nation at the modest price of £20,000 (about half what it had cost him in a period of steadily rising prices), no money was forthcoming and the collection was dispersed. This event was recently described by Sir Karl Parker as "perhaps the most deplorable incident in the whole history of art collecting in England". It was certainly unfortunate, but only one in a long catena of such misfortunes.

Private generosity and government parsimony

The parsimonious attitude of the Treasury towards the arts and the generosity of private collectors comes out over and over again as a sort of leitmotiv in *The English as Collectors*. The study takes the form of selected passages from books (many, but by no means all, of which will be familiar) linked by Frank Herrmann's own comments. In one of these he writes: "The whole history of *official* collecting is an indictment of successive governments since about 1770 and a tribute to the generosity of private individuals of means and taste." He certainly produces ample evidence to support the assertion. The acquisition of the Angerstein paintings was quickly followed by generous gifts from private individuals like Sir George Beaumont, the Rev Holwell Carr, and others. On the government side it was quite different. The refusal to buy the Lawrence drawings was followed by Gladstone's refusal to provide £50,000 to acquire the Bernal collection for the South Kensington Museum in 1855, in spite of the Prince Consort's support. This was one of the richest assemblages of objects of art ever to come into the saleroom.

An attempt to compensate for this loss by acquiring the Soulages collection, of a somewhat similar character, for South Kensington met with an even bleaker official response, which was only circumvented by the genius of Sir Henry Cole, one of the very greatest of our museum directors. Cole rented the Soulages collection, put it on exhibition in the museum, and planned to purchase its 749 medieval and Renaissance objects piecemeal over a long period out of the exiguous annual purchase grants. The Treasury reacted promptly and characteristically, accusing the department of not only acting without official sanction but also of incurring debt, contrary to Civil Service regulations, and, in fact, did its best to have the whole transaction cancelled. Cole—and the national collections—were saved only by the intervention of Robert Lowe, the Vice-President of the Council on Education.

As Sir Robert Witt (another generous public benefactor in the field of the arts) wrote in 1911, "services to the state are recognized by the Government in almost every department of activity save that of art". He goes on to quote from a depressingly long list compiled by Robert Ross in 1909 of paintings of national importance which had entered foreign galleries from private collections in this country during the previous two decades. The list includes so many major works that one is almost driven to feel cynically that it is hardly worth bothering about an occasional Velázquez or a Titian today, so much of the highest aesthetic value has been allowed to slip away unhindered in the years when there was no machinery for arresting even temporarily the export of works of art. It was not that public protest was not just as vociferous then as today, but governmental ears were totally stopped to such appeals. True to tradition, the present administration seems determined to earn for itself a particularly shining halo in this apostolic succession of obtuseness.

The contrast between generosity in the private sector and governmental parsimony is sharply pointed by some statistics quoted by Mr Herrmann which show that more than a century after the purchase of the Angerstein paintings less than a quarter of the contents of the National Gallery had been bought from funds voted by Parliament. All the rest had been given by private collectors, and there can be little doubt that the divergence has increased in the past half-century.

But the tradition of private perceptiveness being rendered nugatory by governmental blindness is one that long antedated the foundation of either the National Gallery or the British Museum. It could hardly be better illustrated than by the publication for the first time of the detailed particulars of the sale of Charles I's collection by the Commonwealth Parliament, which has been brilliantly edited for the members of the Walpole Society by Oliver Millar.

The dispersal of Charles I's collection, of course, makes the disastrous failure to acquire the Lawrence drawings or the Bernal collection pale into insignificance. Moreover, the treatment of the King's collection after 1649 was a deliberate act of public policy, not a mere sin of omission and mean-mindedness. Behind it lay a variety of factors. A strong undercurrent of religious Puritanism was a powerful one. As early as March, 1647, the chapel of Somerset House had been "licentiously rifled" by a committee sent by the Commons. A Rubens altarpiece was flung into the Thames, among other acts of vandalism against "superstitious and idolatrous" objects. In a similar manner the unfinished monument to Henry VIII in St George's Chapel, Windsor, was sold, but not before any images which might have been put to superstitious uses overseas had been defaced.

Less than three years later, within six months of the execution of Charles, an Act for the sale of the goods and personal estate of the late King, Queen and Prince was passed by Parliament though the Council of State had already been empowered to dispose of the contents of St James's for "the present Service of the State", the first £30,000 raised being paid to the Treasurer of the Navy for the use of the Fleet. This form of political justification for vandalism set a pattern used by all future revolutionary governments and, in the case of France after 1793, resulted in the almost total dispersal of the mobile part of its national artistic patrimony.

The first step to be taken towards dispersing the collections was, of course, to prepare inventories of the contents of the various royal palaces and other establishments. A team of trustees was appointed by the Commons to undertake this work. It is the inventories they drew up and submitted to the Council of State which Mr Millar has edited and collated from a variety of manuscript sources. They do not, of course, constitute a sale catalogue in the modern sense at all, and little is said, or indeed known, about the actual sales of works of art to individuals except that it was sometimes to be done "by candle" or "by the booke". Others were handed over in lieu of payment to individuals with claims on the Crown. A value was set on everything, but this seems to have been a minimum figure below which the contractors for the sale had no power to sell.

Popery and naked ladies at a discount

Paintings and objects of art naturally formed only a minority of the goods mentioned, but they were regarded as the great money-spinners. The Act itself refers significantly to the fact that some of the royal goods "by reason of their Rarity or Antiquity" would fetch great prices abroad "yet for particular men's use in England they would be accounted of little worth". This was no doubt because, in the atmosphere of the times, few would wish to buy Old Masters of a religious character which seemed dangerously Romish, while Charles I's secular paintings, such as Titian's "Venus of the Pardo", were widely thought of by the ruling faction as nakedly indecent. It is well known how Mazarin sent over a M de Bordeaux as his agent to attend the sale and greatly enriched the French royal collections thereby. The King of Spain and other ruling princes employed their ambassadors in London for similar purposes and, in the words of Clarendon, "in this manner did the Neighbouring princes join to assist Cromwell with very great sums of money. . . . Whilst they enriched themselves with the ruins and spoils of the surviving heir."

A saving clause in the Act gave the Council of State permission to reserve goods not exceeding £10,000 in value from each inventory for the use of the state, though such reserved objects had to receive parliamentary sanction. Large quantities of tapestries, for instance, were required for the furnishing of Whitehall and government offices. The idea that Cromwell and his ministers lived in an austere and neglected setting is quite erroneous; the annotation, "Reserved . . . in His Highness's service at Whitehall", figures regularly in the lists. As early as 1656 Evelyn described the palace as "very glorious and well furnish't". But it is interesting to find that two of the greatest treasures of the Royal Collection today, the Raphael cartoons of the "Acts of the Apostles" and the Mantegna "Triumph of Caesar", owe their survival not, as has often been supposed, to the discer[illegible] ...cernment of the ... to a decision of the ... ober 10, 1657, [illegible] to dispose of ... materials" of the ... factory or to reserve ... and Designs" for ... Francis Cleyn who ... them. Evidently the ... as a money-saving ... After this piece of ... disconcerting to fi... cartoons were almost ... in the reign of Cha... unfamiliar manuscript ... Jonathan Richardson ... interleaved copy ... Italian guide reads:

Louis XIV fit un [illegible] ... il par son Ambassa... lui vendre; & ce Pa... s'il n'en avoit été dis... Desorier d'alors, qui ... Danby, & qui fut dec... de Leeds; c'estoit ... après de la bouche me...

There seems to ... opposition to these ... deed, granted the ... mise of the wish ... the greatest assem... sance painting ever ... the sale was on the ... ducted than these ... many later resolu... ments. Early on the ... what timidly objected ... and coining of ... account of its antip... ion of it and the ... giving it "more wa... itself". But the Co... them and in any ca... years before the ... Throughout the C... dispersal continued ... ance. As late as O... liament was ordere... Hampton Court. S... and all other R... Parks, Houses and ...

Within seven ye... there was a drama... "surviving heir" ... was invited to return ... of Lords was mov... eatory committee to ... the King's Goods, lo... are"; and to advise ... how the same may be ... Majesty". But, as ... arts in England, gov... was belated. A certa... the original collect... among the rejected ... the Raphaels and Ma... few loyal private ... acquired and ... works of art, ... of money using ... The Bernini bust ... for example, was ... of the Sergeant Paint... de Critz, as well as ... paintings. At £800 the ... more highly valued tha...

ons and only just below "a ... ph of Julius Caesar; done by ... de Mantangner" and Correg... "Sleeping Venus", which at ... were the most costly paintings ... collection except for a single ... "The Madonna done by Raph... (presumably the "La Perla" ... now in the Prado), valued ... 000, a price exceeded only by ... two sets of tapestries. Perhaps ... valuation of the cartoons was ... because they were still cut into ... for use by the Mortlake tapes... vers. A "Unicornes Hornes" ... rated above all except those ... paintings, even above Giulio ... no's huge "Nativity", which at ... was the next most highly priced ... though it has not even been ... exhibition at the Louvre (whither ... related from Louis XIV's collec... for many years.

... sidelights on the changing his... of taste are only one of the many ... esting aspects of these inventor... The descriptions of the Corona... Regalia, sold for the break-up ... of the stones, while the gold ... went to the Mint to be coined, ... and reading. But by far the ... number of objects listed do ... concern works of art but furni... and above all textiles, hangings, ... covers, beds, etc, often very ... valued (one "Feild Bedd" of ... satin embroidered with gold ... work was priced at £400).

... result of this publication we ... know more about the furnish... of Whitehall and Somerset House ... of any English royal palace ... Pyne's views appeared early ... nineteenth century. The whole ... adds another remarkable jewel ... sparkling diadem of the Wal... Society's publications. It will ... its place beside the seven ... of the Vertue Notebooks ... its own companion volume on ... ham van der Doort's manu... catalogues of Charles I's col... (also edited by Mr Millar). ... volumes are of outstanding ... ance for the study of the ... of art in this country and it ... fitter for congratulation that a ... society of amateurs with a very ... membership and a modest ... ption should have accom... the remarkable task of ... them available to students.

... of the famous collections ... before the War", writes Mr ... with the possible exception ... Earl of Northumberland's ... unearthed through the civil ... and interregnum." And it was ... time before big private ... tors found the courage to start ... though there were exceptions ... the third Duke of Devonshire ... portrait painter Lely. The ... ation in 1722 of Jonathan ... rdson's *Account of Some of the Statues, Bas-Reliefs, Drawings and Paintings in Italy, etc, with Remarks* was a sign, however, that the Grand Tour, that great educational inspiration to art collecting, was in full swing. The period of the Grand Tour is somewhat neglected by Mr Herrmann, and he appears to take a rather old-fashioned view, regretting that what he calls "the masters of the period of the decline in Italy" should have bulked so largely in the Grand Tourist's taste for painting. But collecting works of the Bolognese School represents only one aspect of that taste, whatever views one may have about the works of the Caracci and their contemporaries and successors. The quotations of a few passages from the introduction of Michaelis's *Ancient Marbles in Great Britain* would have done something to redress the balance. That work brings a penetrating insight to a quite different aspect of eighteenth-century taste and does much to explain the exceptional richness of the department of Greek and Roman antiquities at the British Museum. It also explains how as late as 1903 it was still possible for the Burlington Fine Arts Club to put on an exhibition of Greek art drawn entirely from private collections which would have done credit to any of the world's major museums. Today, such a show would be impossible to organize: indeed the failure of the club itself to survive the Second World War is significant of the diminution of private collectors and collections. More importantly perhaps, Michaelis's account of the early collecting of classical art in England provides the background which made the public purchase of the Elgin marbles possible at the beginning of the nineteenth century in spite of fierce opposition, coming, in this case, not entirely from official quarters.

Souvenirs of the Grand Tour

It was the Grand Tourists, also, who acquired during the eighteenth century the greater part of the Claudes and Poussins with which England is even today richly stocked. Before the century was out Beckford had paid the astonishing sum for the period of £6,825 (multiply by at least twenty to convert the figure to modern values) for the Altieri Claudes. He disposed of them less than a decade later at a handsome profit (always pleasing to "England's wealthiest son") for 10,000 guineas to R. Hart Davies, MP, another early benefactor of the National Gallery—though he did not hand these celebrated masterpieces over to the nation; that had to wait for the generosity of another private collector, Lord Fairhaven, who bequeathed them to the National Trust in 1960 with the rest of the contents of Anglesey Abbey. Mr Herrmann quotes a curious incident when Sir Thomas Lawrence and Benjamin West visited the studio where the Altieri Claudes were being cleaned. The President of the Royal Academy bitterly remarked to the restorer: "Sir, you deserve to have been flayed as you have flayed these pictures"—a view in which Lawrence concurred. Neither West nor Lawrence can be regarded as uninformed on the technique of restoration, yet few today would regard these Claudes as so irreparably damaged as that. Indeed their condition appears tolerably good. Nor probably would many consider that the Holkham Claudes had been "entrusted to so unskilful a hand, not a trace of the glazings being left. . . . In many of them only the underpainting remains", as Passavant wrote in 1836. Can it be that time has so accustomed us to damaged Old Masters that we are no longer able to see such losses unless they occur contemporaneously before our own eyes?

A further aspect of the Grand Tour collecting is explored in *Il Console Smith, mercante e collezionista*. It is not inappropriate that Frances Vivian's book on one of the greatest *marchands-amateurs* of all time should first appear in Italian (in spite of the inevitable mis-spelling of numerous English names) for the Consul was a perfect specimen of the *Inglese italianato*, having lived almost his entire life in Venice. Although he can hardly be described as *diavolo incarnato*, he still remains the unsympathetic and somewhat opaque character that even his most intelligent fellow-countrymen, like Horace Walpole, seem to have found him. Nevertheless, Mrs Vivian makes it clear that in addition to his business as a banker and his art-dealing he was a man of wide scholarly interests moving easily in the most advanced literary and political circles in eighteenth-century Venice and contributing to the intellectual life of the city by his activities as a publisher and bookseller, quite as much as by his patronage of the leading Venetian artists of the day. His role in the history of art collecting in this country is a very important one. He must be more responsible than any individual for the rich furnishing of our country houses with Canalettos as well as works of the two Ricci, Pellegrini, Rosalba and numerous other Venetian Settecento artists, in addition to paintings and drawings by older masters.

That Smith was not entirely honest in artistic as well as commercial matters is well-established. There are pastiches of Veroneses and Tintorettos extant by Sebastiano Ricci, which almost certainly passed through his hands as originals, in all likelihood profitably, and it is not perhaps without significance that the reprint of the first edition of Palladio's *Quattro Libri* that issued from his publishing house, Pasquali, is a remarkably deceptive facsimile. But much can be forgiven one who had the discernment to acquire a major work by Vermeer more than a century before that great Dutchman was "discovered" by Bürger-Thore.

Although it is generally realized that it was from Smith that the superb array of Canalettos in the Royal Collection was acquired, as well as a wealth of other masterpieces of Venetian Settecento painting and drawing, it is often overlooked that he also sold to George III a large collection of Dutch and Flemish paintings, including works by Rembrandt, Rubens, Steen, Teniers, the Vermeer mentioned above, and other seventeenth-century Dutch masters, as well as an outstanding library of early books (now in the British Museum) and a collection of antique and Renaissance gems. Although the subject has been investigated on a number of occasions, Mrs Vivian is able to bring some fresh illumination to the sale of the collection to the King, an event which transformed the English Royal Collection and, at a stroke, did much to restore to it some of the prestige it had enjoyed before the dispersal of Charles I's collection.

Diplomats as doughty dealers

Joseph Smith as Consul and later British Resident at Venice, was of course by no means alone among British diplomats to use his official position to engage in the commerce in works of art. John Strange, his successor as Resident, did exactly the same. So did Sir William Hamilton at Naples, his collection of Greek vases forming the nucleus of the British Museum's collection. And the names of Sir Horace Mann at Florence, Sir John Dick at Leghorn, the Udney brothers at Venice (John, too, was a successor of Smith in the Consulate) and Robert Fagan in Sicily are only a selection from a long list of names of British diplomat-dealers active in eighteenth-century Italy and elsewhere who did so much to enrich private art collections at home.

Fagan played a leading role in the acquisition of the two famous Claudes belonging to Prince Altieri by William Beckford which has already been described. The rapidly increasing price paid for these as they changed hands in the first decade of the nineteenth century marks a climacteric moment in the history of English art collecting brought about by the French Revolution. The highly profitable purchase of the Italian paintings in the Orléans collection in 1798 by a consortium consisting of the Duke of Bridgewater, Lord Gower (later the Marquis of Stafford), and Lord Carlisle for a price of £43,000 was only one outstanding incident in the art market of a period even more booming than that following the Second World War. Like the present boom it continued uninterrupted for well over two decades.

The Revolution and the Napoleonic Wars broke up historic collections in private possession, in religious houses, and belonging to the ancient ruling dynasties of Europe, on an unprecedented scale. The English were fortunate to be outside the actual area of conflict and to become the wealthiest nation in the world at precisely the right moment. Mr Herrmann supports the late John Steegman in the view, which he quotes from the latter's *Consort of Taste*, that "the collecting of *objets d'art* and particularly of porcelain and bronzes, did not become a habit much before the middle of the [nineteenth] century". This is manifestly incorrect. As early as April, 1790 Sir Gilbert Eliot, the future Lord Minto, was writing to his wife in Scotland that "the quantity of French furniture and jewels" flooding on to the London market was actually "lowering the prices of such things here". He was merely referring to the possessions brought over by the first émigrés.

When after 1793 the French government began to sell the contents of the royal palaces as well as the goods seized from émigré families, what had hitherto been a trickle swelled to a flood which continued unabated for several decades. It was in just these years that the great collections of Sèvres porcelain, French furniture and bronzes at Windsor, Buckingham Palace, Hertford House, and in many lesser English homes, were being formed. A few years later Eliot described a vast assemblage of Sèvres porcelain and French furniture including "six great Paris clocks ormolu and bronze, all immense in size and superb in decoration, as the fashion now is", which he had been to look at in the house of a certain "Caulfield". Today, after three-quarters of a century of dispersals of private collections, this country is still incomparably richer in such things than any other in the world. It was the same with the collections of Dutch seventeenth-century painting which it had been so fashionable to assemble in eighteenth-century Paris. These, too, were dispersed by the Revolution, and the cream fell into English hands. A high proportion of the remarkable series of Dutch paintings in the Royal Collection, the National Gallery, and the Wallace Collection, and in dozens of lesser public and private collections here, came from collections formed in the previous half-century in Paris, like those of the duc de Choiseul, the Prince de Conti, the comte de Vaudreuil, and many other.

The Napoleonic Wars continued what the Revolution began. No one

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who has read Dr A. N. L. Munby's account of the formation of the book collection of Sir Thomas Phillips can have any doubts about the huge benefit that the closing of so many monastic houses in Central Europe and the Netherlands conferred on English book collectors. It was the same with works of art, and after Waterloo the influx of works of art on to the London market even increased, as the members of the fallen dynasty and its close adherents found it necessary to divest themselves of the spoils of Revolutionary and Imperial depredations. This was the period when London displaced Paris as the focus of the art market. Right down to the 1830s and even later, a very high proportion of Christie's and Phillips's anonymous sales bear on the title-pages of their catalogues such descriptions as "the property of a Parisian nobleman", "recently imported from Paris", or some such designation.

As a consequence of this century and a half of private collecting, it was possible for Gustav Waagen to fill three volumes with descriptions of the private and public collections he visited during a tour of England in 1835, listing just short of 10,000 important paintings (as well as objects of art), the greater part of them in private hands. This material was considerably expanded as a consequence of further trips to England, and, when published in its final four-volume form in 1854 as *Treasures of Art in Great Britain*, it formed the most important conspectus of the private collecting habits of any European people and is a monument of which any nation may well be proud. Waagen concluded one of his letters to his wife (the form in which his book was cast) with a eulogy of the English collector, writing:

> You will now have been able to form an idea of the astonishing treasures of admirable works of art of all descriptions which this island contains. . . . I often feel some apprehension of my being unable to master the whole. I am literally therefore, in an *embarras de richesses* and frequently wish for the hundred eyes of Argus, all of which would find ample employment here. . . . I cannot refrain from again praising the refined taste of the English for thus adorning [with pictures] the rooms they daily occupy, by which means they enjoy from their youth upwards the silent and slow but sure influence of works of art.

At the instigation of the Prince Consort, Waagen became the organizer of the great Manchester Art Treasure exhibition in 1857. After all, no Englishman knew his native collections so thoroughly as this fellow-countryman of Prince Albert. The Manchester Art Treasures was the first and is still the largest and most impressive general exhibition of Old Masters and modern painting ever to have been organized. Its 1,812 paintings were drawn entirely from private sources. An attempt to reconstitute the Manchester exhibition in the centenary year made abundantly clear the losses suffered by English collections in the succeeding hundred years. It would be even more difficult to reconstitute today the complementary exhibition of objects of art from private collections which the South Kensington Museum organized in 1865.

Yet the 1850s were still boom years in the history of English collecting, as in other fields. Sir Charles Eastlake's directorship of the National Gallery, from 1855 to 1865, was perhaps the most fruitful in the Gallery's history. The 175 paintings he purchased include some of the cream of its possessions, and for the only period in its history the number of purchases made with the government grants exceeded gifts or bequests from private individuals. Even so, the latter numbered more than seventy and, after Eastlake's death and that of his wife, the redoubtable Elizabeth Rigby, a considerable number of their own collection of paintings went to swell this figure. Even Parliament for a moment began to feel something a little like generosity and in 1871 voted £75,000 to buy seventy-seven paintings and eighteen drawings from the collection of one of its former members, Robert Peel.

London loses out to Berlin

Like Eastlake, Waagen was at the head of an important gallery, being appointed the first director of the Royal Picture Gallery at Berlin as early as 1821, when he was just twenty-five. Since the National Gallery began with a collection formed by a merchant of German origin, there is a certain poetic justice in the fact that the nucleus of the Berlin gallery was provided by an English private collector. Edward Solly, a member of a London family of merchants engaged in the Baltic timber trade, moved to Berlin soon after the opening of the nineteenth century and prospered. His interest in art first awakened around 1810, benefiting greatly from the extensive travels his business involved. He, like his contemporary, Thomas Phillips, found himself in an advantageous position as a collector because of the secularization of religious institutions in the Central European countries. It was a period when Brentano and the Boisserée brothers were able to pick up masterpieces of early German painting for a few pence from the barrows and junk stalls of old-iron merchants. Solly developed an interest in Italian Renaissance and particularly Trecento and Quattrocento painting at a time when this was a comparatively neglected field. By 1820 he owned 3,000 paintings, including works by Giotto, Botticelli, Pollaiuolo, Piero di Cosimo, Verrocchio, the Bellinis, Cima, Mantegna, Antonello da Messina, Signorelli, Raphael and Titian among other Italians, as well as two wings from the Ghent "Adoration of the Lamb" by Van Eyck and Holbein's "Georg Gisze". He was also an early collector of German medieval paintings. The purchase of all these paintings by Frederich William III from Solly in 1821, after prolonged negotiations, provided the nucleus of the Berlin Gallery which was built to house them. When it eventually opened, 676 of Solly's paintings were put on show, forming by far the most important section of the gallery's collections. The remainder were stored or distributed around the Prussian palaces, though they have mostly returned to the now divided Berlin Gallery today.

But if Waagen was a great student and admirer of English private art collecting, it was an even more distinguished successor, Wilhelm Bode, who more than any individual was responsible for beginning that dispersal of art treasures from English private collections which has become increasingly alarming over the past three-quarters of a century. Even before he became director of the renamed Kaiser Freidrich Museum, Bode was an assiduous visitor to London. Solly, an Englishman, had provided the nucleus of the Berlin picture collection, but its finest acquisitions in the three decades preceding 1914 were made on the London art market and at the expense of English private collections.

Of course, such activities would not have been possible without the blind neglect of successive British governments. The full effects of the repeal of the Corn Laws began to be felt only with the bad harvests of the early 1870s. It was then that the landed gentry were first forced to sell their family portraits and other works of art. It is true that the earliest beneficiaries were still residents of this country. Ferdinand de Rothschild, a Viennese, and Edward Guinness, an Irishman, usually received the first offer of such private sales out of English historical collections from the firm of Agnews, and the results can be seen in the wonderful array of British eighteenth-century portraits at Waddesdon and Kenwood, which, aesthetically if not numerically, surpass what is to be seen in Trafalgar Square and at Millbank. But with Harcourt's imposition of death duties in 1893 and income tax rising steeply (as it then seemed) from 1900 onwards, Englishmen had to dig deeper and deeper into their art collections to meet their obligations to the government. A study of the provenances in the excellent prewar catalogues of the Berlin Museum, or better still, of the annual bulletins of Bode's Museums-Verein (the body of wealthy friends of the museum whose aid Bode ingeniously enlisted by helping in the formation of their own collections) makes depressing reading today for an Englishman.

The arrival of the great American millionaires on the scene, in the last decade of the nineteenth century, made matters much worse. Duveen used to tell his wealthy American clients: "You can get all the pictures you want at $50,000 a piece—that's easy. But to get pictures at a quarter of a million a piece, that wants doing." It was not as difficult as all that in England in the first quarter of the twentieth century. In 1907 Pierpont Morgan paid exactly that sum (and it was probably the first time that any work of art had fetched so much) for Ghirlandaio's portrait of Giovanna Tornabuoni which Mr Willett of Brighton had sold to Rudolph Kann for £600. A year or two later Henry Frick paid a bill to Duveen with a single draft on his bank for $7 million. In 1909 and 1910 the value of paintings exported was running at almost £600,000 per annum (multiply by at least six to convert the figure to today's currency). A committee of trustees of the National Gallery in 1913 drew up a list of 500 important paintings that had been sold out of the country in the previous few years. These included fifty-one by Rembrandt, twenty-one by Rubens, eleven by Holbein, seven by Vermeer, five by Velázquez, and twenty-nine by Gainsborough. It did not cover such items as the Botticelli drawings for Dante nor the many objects of art and sculptures that had gone too. This report did at least awaken a public outcry for governmental assistance to arrest the Gadarene exodus. England was still ostensibly, and probably in fact, the richest nation on the earth. But the appeal, as all too often, fell on deaf ears, and the National Gallery's annual purchase grant averaged well under £10,000 until only a few years ago, which did not go very far where Duveen prices were concerned.

Perhaps no other government in the civilized world would have remained so totally indifferent to what was happening. The burden of arresting the tide was, once again, left entirely to the private sector. The National Art-Collections Fund was founded in 1903, simply to save Holbein's "Duchess of Milan" from leaving these shores. But only three years later it had once again to collect a sufficient sum to prevent Velázquez's "Rokeby Venus" suffering the same fate, and since then it has remained a very present help to the national museums in time of trouble, as a reading of its annual reports bears continuing witness. It was in fact the answer to Bode's Berlin Museums-Verein. But the fund consisted merely of a group of enthusiastic amateurs and never had the financial strength to stand up to the combined forces of American multimillionaires like Benjamin Altman, Henry Frick, Henry E. Huntington, Pierpont Morgan (whose standing instructions to his London agent were to "double the highest bid"). George Widener, and half a dozen others, especially when they were led with great strategic skill by dealers like Joseph Duveen, René Gimpel, or Jacques Seligmann.

When the Second World War ended and Britain was still exhausted and impoverished, a new and still more alarming factor came into play. The American government introduced generous tax concessions, especially beneficial to the rich and the super-rich, to assist those who were prepared to present works of art to American museums. They were enabled to offset an often high proportion of the cost against Federal taxes and still enjoy the usufruct of their purchases on their walls, providing the works passed to a museum at their death. It was even possible, with skilful financial manipulation, for a rich man to bring his income tax down into a lower bracket by this means and so in effect get paid by the government for purchasing works of art. The benefit to American museums over the past quarter of a century has been enormous.

£4,000 bolt on the stable door

Only governmental intervention could combat economic forces as powerful as this. The government of the day recognized and accepted the responsibility. In 1950 Stafford Cripps appointed a committee "to consider and advise on the policy of His Majesty's Government in controlling the export of works of art . . . and to recommend what arrangements should be made for the practical operation of the policy". The result was the now famous Waverley Report whose principal recommendation was that "the State must retain the right to prevent the export of objects of high importance", and which made various proposals for implementing such a decision. The government accepted the report and in 1952 set up a Reviewing Committee to scrutinize all works of art of national importance on aesthetic or historic grounds over £1,000 in value (today £4,000) for which export licences had been sought.

This was an immense step forward, though not nearly so radical as it appeared to many people at the time. Other countries had done the same thing long before. In the Vatican States a system of licensing art exports had been introduced as early as 1802. Austria followed in 1818, Greece in 1834, and Egypt in 1878. In France from 1887 onwards the scheduling of historic buildings and their contents had been going on and listed objects are not exportable in any circumstances. In addition the Louvre has long been permitted its pre-empt works of art in the sale room and at the *douanes*. Most other European countries sooner or later had introduced similar controls.

In spite of the radical nature of this change for a nation of shopkeepers, the Reviewing Committee has used its powers with the greatest discretion. Complaints have been remarkably rare and exports licences have been withheld for less than a hundred works of art since its activities began in 1953. But even so, all too often, export has to be allowed because there is no possibility of raising within the limited time available sufficient cash for retention of the work in this country. From the beginning one of the eye teeth was drawn from the committee's powers, for the Treasury refused to supply it with funds by which its expressed views could be implemented. Year after year the committee has asked for a relatively modest sum of money to be made available so that their recommendations are not rendered nugatory by the difficulty of raising funds from private sources or from Parliament during the brief period (seldom more than three months) during which an export licence can be refused. But the Treasury has remained as deaf to this as to most other appeals. On several occasions it has refused contributions towards the purchase of important works of art—a Leonardo cartoon and a "Death of Actaeon"! Special Grants provide the public sector shares the lion's share. A few others have been given in lieu of death duties, notably a group of eighteenth-century Chatsworth on the death of the 10th Duke) under the terms of the Finance Act of 1956. All too often, however, the excuse is made that the Treasury cannot make a grant because of a financial crisis makes a grant inopportune—as if it were ever otherwise. Successive financial crises of the past have almost always forced the export of works of art, for the most part collectors part with their treasures with reluctance, and usually only in extreme financial pressure.

In the past few years three events have highlighted the deficiencies of the present situation: the sale of Leonardo cartoon, the Velázquez and the Holbein all for sums near or over a million pounds. Anyone who doubted the seriousness of the position should read the sixty-eighth report of the National Art-Collections Fund which has just been published. The Fund has worked valiantly and successfully to raise money for the Leonardo cartoon, the Titian, and countless other sums varying between £5,000 and £200,000 or more to save individual works of art for the nation. But the Fund cannot possibly produce the money on the scale now likely to be required, and can anybody except Paul Getty? In an excellent address delivered at the annual general meeting of the Fund in 1971, Ellis K. Waterhouse pointed out that although the Fund's benefactions mentioned here and the awakened Parliament had made possible fresh legislation, there is no danger that the owners of other pictures likely to fall into the "export" class, "egged on by the dealers, will try to put them on the market before any steps can be taken to change the present situation". Nevertheless, in almost every conceivable case the bulk of the money received is likely to go not to the owner but to the government, in the form of death duties. The majority of works of art have already been exempted from death duties many times, but this does not matter when they are finally sold. Since the sum produced by death duties is aggregated with the rest of the owner's estate, death duties rarely account for 75 per cent of the money obtained by the owner. Of course with the fragmentation of estates the effect Parliament is selling off pieces of British private collections piecemeal at the present time. It seems to be beyond the wit of legislators and economists to devise some simple formula so that the nation benefits financially rather than merely gets richer from the sale of works of art which are of high national importance.

The truth is that throughout this century successive governments have been presiding over the dismemberment of the artistic part of the national patrimony quite as disastrous as the sale of the art collections of Charles I, if somewhat slower in its effects. Apart from the beheading of the King that is the one act of the British people that has stuck in the throat of the common man and, as such, is still held against the Commonwealth and Government by people of every political belief. Posterity is no more likely to forget what has happened to the Titians, the Velázquez, and the Holbein during the present century than it has forgotten the great exodus began at the end of the nineteenth century when a few collectors able to indulge their whims in a limited degree—Sir Robert Sterling, for example, or Samuel Courtauld, George Eumorfopoulos, and Percival David, rather than a group of collectors directed by Lord Duveen of Millbank and Sir Joseph Duveen, later Lord Duveen of Millbank—were able to form the richest individually owned collections of Chinese works of art in the world, works valued at millions of pounds today. Only museums can do this today, and only with government support. Loyal supporters like Kenneth Clark can no longer secretly subsidize museums out of their own pockets, and when he goes away until "the survival of the fittest" has run its course and the political climate changes in favour of the preservation of our cultural heritage, there is no "surrogate" Clark waiting in the wings to take his place. There is no "surrogate" for anything except the nation itself.

POSTAGE: INLAND 3½p

The spoils of Nudd

M. STEWART:
Palace of Art
pp. Gollancz. £1.80.

Maria Montacute is rather too well-, and decidedly more disinter- than she should be, to fit the of the beautiful and cultured ritor of an English mansion d with immensely valuable works art; which is what she is. Not hingly, predators of all kinds, with every sort of approach, find fascinating appeal about her since thing so desirable has fallen the ignorant and bewildered lap someone so unaware. J. I. M. art's novel, done in that mildly esian prose—and with other light ures to the ways of the master—h he adopts for his more serious of entertainment, revolves and the fortunes of Nudd, ria's embarrassing three-million- and inheritance, now that they are determined by a girl as unionably unconcerned as she is ssed to be malleable. There is our, which one would expect, nse (it could hardly be other- and surprise (it would be sur- g of Mr Stewart not to achieve But *A Palace of Art* is some- less amusing, riveting and un- dictable than we have come to ect from him at his best.

or one thing, the Stewart humour oo determinedly donnish and ving as he leads his characters ough the halls of Nudd with their rbo fountain, Tang enmels, and ans, and around Venice—where of three young men pursue ria—with the aid of Ruskin, as Mann and the best guide- s. The main ploy here is to off a sardonically treated culture lovably patronized ignorance: little too much to be funny time. Then, again, the sus- factor loses weight as it es too clear that the number options left to Mr Stewart for the disposal of Nudd—dispersal in one big auction, sale to an American university, leaving it alone—are in fact rather few. It also becomes clear that the disposal of the unprepossessing Gloria will have to be rather arbitrary also, since she has no reserves of novelty to attach her unexpectedly to any of her three young possibles: roguish farmer, art dealer, avant-garde painter.

All this reduces the final element of surprise: Mr Stewart's dénouement seems, unusually for him, both awkward and dull. And Gloria's eventual acceptance of an offer of marriage from one of the three requires some implausible last-minute adjustments of character in both parties. These deficiencies are a pity in a novel which starts well, with an intriguing situation and an array of characters who seem well-suited to some engaging interplay: Mrs Montacute, Gloria's mother, is a nice example of philistinism turned cunning by the possession of priceless objects; Domberg, the older art dealer, is a pleasant portrayal of avarice putting on a cultivated finish; and Guise, the butler turned curator, gets a less surprising role than his sinister sort of ingenuity seems to promise. These luminaries are done in Mr Stewart's best manner. The failure in *A Palace of Art* is to put these and all the others through twists in the plotting which finally add up to knots that can only be unravelled obviously.

Football first

HUNTER DAVIES:
Body Charge
200pp. Weidenfeld and Nicolson. £2.

All Hunter Davies's novels so far have been sharpish in dialogue, slick in characterization, and generally more or less frothy. *Body Charge*, while still being flip and smart, is an attempt at something slightly more serious, made with some sympathy and imagination. Franko Baxter drives an unlicensed mini-cab in London, working just enough hours to keep himself, but leaving plenty of time for football on Hampstead Heath with Ginger and his friends, or any other stray players he can find. Though years older, he is far more serious about the game, his only spot of joy between work, his orderly life with his Gran, and his anxieties about his retarded and ambiguous sexuality. His working backchat and manner are camp enough, yet he's not at all sure that he's bent, and he's quite ready to spend an experimental night with the wife of his friend Zak. But he is drawn into the hinterland of homosexual violence, and after a brush with the police over a homosexual murder which both terrifies and instructs him, he begins to acknowledge his nature. Some of the characters are drawn with sprightly malevolence, like the awful graduate detective with his knowing but out-dated Beatles talk, or the egomaniac television producer with a wife in one home and an Eddie in another.

Franko is awarded a good deal of natural wit, and pretty acute perceptions about his clients which he relays with relish. He really prefers football to everything else, including sex, and the passion is rather touchingly conveyed, in its actual pleasures, and as the flight into fantasy that for him it is. But Franko as hero and narrator undermines the book. Nothing emerges to account for the existence of his narrative, and one wonders all the way through who his audience is supposed to be; the novelist's device in casting the novel remains a novelist's device only.

ump and circumstance

BERTO ARBASINO:
alla di Lodi
p. Turin: Einaudi. L 2,000.

rto Arbasino has always been remarkable for his style than vention. His previous novels ories cannot be included among est examples of contemporary fiction, and whatever is good em seems to be more in the s of criticism than of genuine, lling narrative. Arbasino the st seems indeed to have very ried for help to Arbasino the supporting his stories with long ical, literary and sociological otes and a firework display of row quotations.

re are no quotations and no es, happily, in his new novel, *alla di Lodi*. The far from aining display of "cultural em" has disappeared almost ly, and in its place Signor bino treats us to a perhaps less ing but certainly more appe- and digestible diet of straight on. Almost but not quite for Signor Arbasino's urge zle the reader with unfami- erences and exotic similes is rong for him to be able to it completely. And so we ven a Lombard landscape "all ld silver like a painting by it a bourgeois villa "for like Uncle Vanya and the Sisters", a garden "with a Kabuki bridge", and even ini with cream and sublime mi", an alarming combina- hich will lead many readers to that what makes *modenese* so heavy is the fragments of esque statuary ground into it epper.

the narrative is straight, so that at times it is reduced to s of hasty notes like a film- with skeletal dialogues like the s of a comic strip. In fact *La di Lodi* derives from a film made by Signor Arbasino and M Missiroli in 1962, and it retains something of the film's visual qualities and rapidity of action. It tells the story of lovely Roberta, the young heiress of a wealthy family from Lodi, and Franco, the handsome and oh-so-sexy filling-station boy: how they meet and instantly go to bed together, how the naughty boy leaves at dawn with all the lovely girl's money, how her anger overcomes her love and makes her report him to the police, how in turn his love overcomes his anger and makes him rejoin her as soon as he is out of prison. They now embark on a frenzy of love-making, and how well they do it, by night and by day, in bed and out of bed, horizontally and vertically, naturally and unnaturally, in garages and motels along the motorway, on the beach and behind hedges, as well as in posh hotels paid for by the girl, until her family catches up with them and they are finally united in holy matrimony.

It would be wrong to expect from Signor Arbasino any deep characterization of his heroes: the cut and colour of their clothes is more important than their souls. But a few well-chosen details bring a character alive much better than long pages of analysis. Take for instance the wonderful presentation of Roberta's grandmother on her golden wedding day: she comes out of her room, on her way to Mass, with a bundle of securities in her hand. Never since Moravia's famous description of evening prayers being said in front of a safe has an Italian novelist succeeded better in desecrating a religious ceremony. Passages like this are ample compensation for the sloppy and hasty development of the plot.

Organ duets

ALAN FRIEDMAN:
Hermaphrodelly
426pp. Cape. £2.95.

Do not be gulled by the fine display of zeppelin-breasted girls which beckons you from the book's cover. *Hermaphrodelly* isn't, unhappily, a pornographic novel, but a meticulously detailed—indeed encyclopedic—case-history of its heroine, the Hermaphrodelly herself: callow poetess, hormone-juggler, and sexual omnivore. Millie, the narrator explains:

> Given the physical arrangements of my life, not so very different from those of anyone else's except for a few centimeters of tissue and flesh, no other course but indecency was open to me.

She begins life as a girl, until bemused doctors discover that Millie has both the female and the male sexual organs. She has both and she keeps both, though alternating them at regular intervals: now learning judo and gruff obscenities; now looking out her old nylons and padded brassières; now getting serviced in the terminal stages of self-inflicted pregnancy by a rabid pack of goatish carousers.

Certainly, this sounds unimprovable. But the sex odyssey is recorded with such a detumescing mixture of clinical reportage and quensy unctuousness that one flakes out after the first few hundred pages. For the author seems to nurse visions of yet another Great American Novel. *The book is more than 200,000 words long.* Moreover, Alan Friedman threatens a sequel.

Swede nothings

FRANCOISE SAGAN:
Des bleus à l'âme
205pp. Paris: Flammarion. 22fr.

The trouble with La Sagan (one of the troubles) is not so much that her world is so phenomenally limited, as that she seems unable to imagine that any sort of viable life could take place outside it. "Wouldn't the people who travel second class or in caravans prefer a thousand times to be going to the villa I have mentioned, with its ice cubes and its mimosa?" One *has* heard of such people who wouldn't. "Is there anything pleasanter than driving a beautiful open car that purrs at your feet like a tame tiger?" Isn't there?

Des bleus à l'âme ("The Bruised Soul", or "Bruises on the Soul") consists of not very many pages of extremely large type which Mlle Sagan's publishers call a novel, but which she herself refers to as a "novel-essay". The novel part continues the story of the brother and sister, Sébastien and Eléonore Van Milhem, who appeared, ten years younger, in Mlle Sagan's play *Château en Suède*. The essay part consists of her remarks on all this and that, as well as her reflections on her characters in this book. The latter device has been used, over the past fifty years or more, for serious literary and philosophical purposes. Here, it adds nothing—except padding. What probably is new in Mlle Sagan's use of it, though, is that she herself manages to end up in bed with her own character, Sébastien.

As for the story: these well-born Swedes, who were fairly droll in their Swedish castle ten years previously, arrive in Paris *sans le son* and rather less droll. What shall they do? Find someone to keep them, of course, since "work" is a dirty word in these aristocratic circles. As they are both incomparably beautiful, however—and how many times are we not reminded of their long legs, their long arms, their perfectly made bodies, their exquisitely long hands?—everyone inevitably and immediately succumbs to their rare, exotic charm, so it doesn't take a minute for Sébastien to find the appropriate rich, fat, vulgar, middle-aged American lady. (Is it not "work", to be a gigolo?) Finally Eléonore instantly magnetizes the up-and-coming film star boy-friend of one of her and her brother's (male) benefactors, and it all ends in tears. Not for the Van Milhems, though.

In the "essays" which fill in the gaps in the story, Mlle Sagan shows herself still suffering badly from self-obsession, and bitterly on the defensive against her critics. They do not understand that she has changed, they see nothing but her famous image—though she takes care to remind us more than once of the content of this image and, just in case, to recall several times to our memories the titles of her books. When Eléonore and her film star go into a night club: Oh dear, dear, exclaims the authoress: here I go again with "le petit monde de Sagan et des boites de nuit". . . . On the other hand, we do get plenty of okay names mentioned: Proust, Stendhal, Sartre, the New Novel, Visconti, Fellini, Vietnam. Just mentioned.

In a recent interview, Mlle Sagan has said that she writes "in order to change the world".

JOHN O'HARA
THE EWINGS
In his inimitable manner, O'Hara brilliantly delineates the love affairs, the boardrooms and bedrooms, the wheeling and dealing of Midwestern America during World War I
"Of all the bestsellers he is one of the most talented" *Financial Times*
"Shows immense skill" *Daily Telegraph*
HODDER & STOUGHTON £2.25

Melvyn Bragg
Josh Lawton
"He is a poetic eye, a visionary of sorts"—**Norman Shrapnel,** *The Guardian,* "When Mr. Bragg is writing of his native Cumberland, he is as good as any other English author of his generation"—**Francis King,** *Sunday Telegraph,* "Has the lilt and inevitability of an old ballad"—**Paul Theroux,** *The Times,* "Melvyn Bragg has established his place in English letters to the extent that his Cumbria is as potent a literary region as Hardy's Wessex, Lawrence's Midlands and Housman's Shropshire"—**Shirley Toulson,** *New Statesman,* "A pleasure to be remembered"—**Ferdinand Mount,** *Financial Times*
£1.95 2nd impression

Cynthia Ozick
The Pagan Rabbi
"This true work of literature is one of the most illuminating documents to analyse the central dilemmas facing Judaism in the twentieth century . . . She is a writer of ideas, a writer of great stories, a writer of genius"—**Murray Mindlin,** *Jewish Chronicle* £2.40

James Blake
The Joint
"A vivid and illuminating chronicle. It is one of the most wickedly entertaining of its kind, a thief's journal that reflects the mordant, droll, nervously sensitive consciousness of a man for whom prison was far less a purgatory than a retreat"—*William Styron* in his Introduction. £2.50

Secker & Warburg

Reasonable brevities and rural peripheries

JAMES REEVES:
Poems and Paraphrases
53pp. Paperback, £1.

ROBERT GITTINGS:
American Journey
31pp. Paperback, 75p.
Heinemann Educational.

NATHANIEL TARN:
A Nowhere for Vallejo
99pp. Cape. £1.95.

PHILIP CALLOW:
Bare Wires
40pp. £1.25.

EDWARD STOREY:
A Man in Winter
30pp. £1.30.

DIANA McLOGHLEN:
The Last Headlands
40pp. £1.25.
Chatto and Windus Hogarth Press.

FLORENCE BULL:
Saint David's Day
36pp. Alfison and Busby. £1.40.

James Reeves has had a long career as a poet. *Beginning in the Cambridge literary magazines of the late 1920s, alongside Empson, he has* kept up a steady production ever since. As a writer for children, and as someone professionally concerned with educational books, he is a prolific and respected figure but his own poetry has never had quite the attention it deserves. When Yeats was scouring round for work to put into the *Oxford Book of Modern Verse*, Robert Graves urged him to look at Reeves, whose first book had just appeared. Yeats's dismissive reaction—almost as insensitive as his rejection of Wilfred Owen—was:

> Too reasonable, too truthful. We poets should be good liars, remembering always that the Muses are women and prefer the embrace of gay, warty lads.

It is a reasonableness and truthfulness that Reeves shares with other recent poets whose work earned respect rather than fashionable enthusiasm but who are beginning to be more warmly assessed: one thinks of Andrew Young and Norman Cameron, to both of whom Reeves himself has consistently drawn attention.

Poems and Paraphrases is the third of James Reeves's books of verse to appear since the *Collected Poems* of 1960. Much of it consists of work on an even smaller, neater, more epigrammatic scale than before, in the section of eleven "Bagatelles"—quatrains and couplets of droll reticence and resignation:

> How badly and how beautifully she speaks.
> Her voice is like a Sunday evening chime,
> As stupid and evocative as her face,
> Moving and childish as an ancient rhyme.

This is risky work, trusting all on the accuracy of a single shot: approximations won't do. Indeed, the brevities do not always work—"Ethology" is an outer rather than a bull:

> When the geese write a book
> On Konrad Lorenz,
> Ethology
> Will begin to make sense.

Elsewhere, Reeves adds some translations of poems by Baudelaire, Apollinaire, Brecht and other French and German poets; though he calls them "paraphrases", they are much closer to straight verse translations than "imitations", and they have no particular distinction. It is in a handful of slightly longer but still laconic and disciplined poems that Reeves continues to show his special classic-romantic talent, a chaste but certainly not unfeeling voice:

> You too will learn to cry when you are older
> And know there is no gain in holding back.
> The rigid mouth, poised eyebrow and cold shoulder
> Are tokens, not of fullness, but of lack.
> The scalding tears of infants rolling down
> Express the plenitude of sheer despair:
> You realize by then that rainstorms drown
> Acres of drought, and tempests cool the air.

Robert Gittings is another disciplined traditional craftsman, but one whose chief energies have never seemed to go into his poetry. Not that he lacks ambitious notions: his last book of poems included a semi-dramatic sequence about Lawrence and Frieda which at least earned marks for effort and ingenuity if not for judgment and execution. His new book is a sequence of twenty-five sonnets drawing on a winter journey by air to America and back, and it would be wrong to assume that such a form and occasion demonstrate a played-out literary exercise in occasional verse. There is real feeling behind Gittings's sometimes congested and contorted syntax, and a persistent unease which effectively marries Hardy, Meredith and even Robert Lowell's *Notebook* style with something of its own:

> For me, the high memorial building was
> One with the youth its walls commen mate,
> Dead Yankee volunteers. This ancient wood,
> Where it was raised, whispers their names; the late
> Boughs soften and the path is sharp like glass.

In earlier books, Nathaniel Tarn has shown that he is a poet who relies almost entirely on exotic locales and borrowed resonances for his effects: a woman in childbirth becomes an emblematic map of Israel, anthropological gleanings and recondite reading merge with cosmopolitan place-names and far-flung incantations, the School of Oriental and African Studies is Peru. So it continues to be in *A Nowhere for Vallejo*, much of which (says the blurb) "takes the form of an imaginary journey to the Inca empire of Peru". This title-sequence, which seems to use César Vallejo ironically given the sobriquet "the caesarpoet" throughout as Virgil to Tarn's Dante, is a loosely-strung, free-ranging set of extrapolations from Vallejo and also from his fellow half-Inca predecessor, Garcilaso de la Vega. The true Incas themselves, and themes of myth, conquest, repression and exile, appear fitfully and randomly. The whole thing is delivered in a tone of staccato portentousness, and is laid out on the page in the Charles Olson-like manner of graffiti. When Tarn is speaking in what A. Alvarez some years ago named "Minnesota-Peruvian", none of this really matters. But in the book's final poem, pretentiously titled "Requiem Pro Duabus Filiis Israel", the amount of justifiable personal grief that suffocates under all such lumber makes one realize how dis-

abling and unp... manner is when he ... from whatever is ... out of a bookshelf o... mines.

The latest trio of P... Poets from Chatto ... little better than one ... expect. Philip Callow ... blurringly honest ... moments of domes... self-doubt and almos... ting them down: "I ... joys/Like food[poo]... clean socks/bills and ... want to know what I ... very lonely being spo... lot/the full catalogu... what I've got." Cal... sort of thing about a ... without becoming ... On the other hand, he ... capable of bringing ... more resolute mode ... "A Frosty Night", ... stood out in his five ... *Point*.

Edward Storey's p... bleak, wan landscape ... both as setting and ... result is an overall ... imagery and tone, ... Thomas of the flatlands ... Thomas's sour and ... distaste, though, and ... poems are inert "com... then moralizingly ... successes are at a mo... "Neighbour", "Unk... Platform 5". Diana ... similarly a landscape p... Ireland full of fiel... and pastoral wistfulness ... (in such poems as "... Phinn") of somethi... edged and demandi... seem rather too easily ... sighing round the rural p... life. Florence Bull's ... uneasier and more ... not often achieving ... picking up P. F. Ca... ments remarkably ... but giving a raw sha... now and then, in poem ... percence and sometimes

How Old's The Moon?

How old's the moon ?
The moon's thirteen,
Thirteen years and seven more.
The moon's still young.
It bore that child :
This other child the young moon bore.

Who'll carry the child ?
Let Oman carry it.
Where, O where, is Oman gone ?
Oman went
To buy some tea,
To buy some oil is Oman gone.

In front of the oil-shop
Oman slipped,
Fell and spilt a quart of oil.

Then what happened ?
Taro's dog
And Jiro's dog, they licked it all.

So then what happened
To those two lap-dogs ?
Those two dogs have now become
One the skin
Of a tambourine,
One the skin for a big round drum.

Facing this way,
Ratta tat tat :
Facing that way, ratta tat tat.
Two dead dog-skins,
Two dead dog-skins,
Dog-skins squashed and beaten flat.

Japanese Children's Verse
Translated by GRAEME WILSON

Made and remade things

THOMAS FITZSIMMONS (Translator):
Japanese Poetry Now
134pp. André Deutsch. £1.80.

GRAEME WILSON and ATSUMI IKUKO (Translators):
Three Contemporary Japanese Poets
Anzai Hitoshi, Shiraishi Kazuko, Tanikawa Shuntaro.
80pp. London Magazine Editions. £2.

English versions of modern Japanese poetry are not difficult to come by, and there are manners of translation to suit most tastes. Some have been collaborative ventures (Nihomiya and Bright, Bownas and Thwaite), others have been individual efforts, such as those by James Kirkup and Gary Snyder. There are the continuing labours of Graeme Wilson at the seemingly endless quarry of Hagiwara. A new anthology in this area is almost forced into a position of making special claims.

The blurb to Thomas Fitzsimmons's collection asserts that it increases our understanding of "a little-explored area of poetry", and Professor Fitzsimmons's own preface gropes portentously towards some large-scale generalizations:

> Mystery is one of the words rejected in our time, itself a mystery, both the time and the rejection. Yet no other word more accurately focuses on points in time where/when persons and made things cross in such a way that the made thing happens, is lived, through and into.

Quite what this has to do with modern Japanese poetry is not made clear, except that Professor Fitzsimmons, having established his credentials as a mystery man, evidently felt free to be "less concerned with precision of transcription of detail than with fidelity to pattern and whole, the human vision vibrant there". So the poems are "remade into English".

The result is too often like certain Japanese soups, or at least as these soups appear to certain Western palates: a tiny lump of nourishing but bland *tofu* floating in an insipid, unplaceable liquid. The individuality of almost all the poets has been so diluted that most of them read as if they spent their formative years at the feet of some Black Mountaineer. Thus Kikuo Tukano:

> never still
> love,
> rollinde
> nothing works
> you can only be still
> spinning vainly
> around yourself.

And Hiroshi Kawasaki:

> come
> those dry lips of yours
> like crusted bread put
> them here against the full
> moon of the tiger's face
> closer
> all the way.

A few survive better than this: Ryuichi Tamura, Hitoshi Anzai, Jun Takami (with the last of whom Professor Fitzsimmons had the collaboration of Takako Uchino): in these one has some sense, however blurred, of a personal voice. But on the whole the "remakings" are evidently too self-indulgent to allow for any true freedom—the freedom to hear the poet himself.

Much more useful is the assembly of *Three Contemporary Japanese Poets* from London Magazine Editions. Here the work of Anzai, Shiraishi and Tanikawa is attractively introduced and represented, and the introductory matter is properly critical as well as being informative. Perhaps some of the versions are a shade too neat and elegant (Graeme Wilson's translations always tend to err in this direction), but representation in depth is the right way of going about the job, rather than Professor Fitzsimmons's genial, homogenized remakings.

William vilified

WILLIAM J. CAMERON (Editor):
Poems on Affairs of State
Augustan Satirical Verse, 1660-1714
Volume 5: 1688-1697
650pp. Yale University Press. £12.

With this volume *Poems on Affairs of State* completes its coverage of the seventeenth century and there now remains only a final volume carrying the selection to the death of Queen Anne. The present volume will have more interest for the historian than for the student of literature: its hero, or villain, is King William, who is lampooned by Jacobites and disgruntled Tories in verse that is often excruciatingly bad. One misses the great names of earlier volumes: Marvell and Rochester, who were both dead, and Dryden, who was not going to burn his fingers again in the political fire.

Most of the verse that William Cameron has to offer us is anonymous, or the work of such slight literary men as Arthur Mainwaring, Fleetwood Sheppard, John Tutchin, or William Pittis, who are poets only to the extent that they did not write in prose. In these literary badlands one welcomes such patches of verdure as Dorset's two poems on the Countess of Dorchester or the verses on the nine Regents (1690) attributed here to Mulgrave, and, among the anonymous pieces, a well-turned epitaph on William Sherlock, the nonjuror who expediently abandoned his nonjuncy—

> No pompous marble counts your eyes :
> Beneath a paltry oath he lies.

If this volume contains few such flashes of wit, it is rich in historical interest. As the editor points out, Macaulay made frequent use of the satirical verse of the period in his history of the reign of William and Mary; and in his introduction Dr Cameron has a very interesting critical discussion of the ... satiric fiction to histo... divides his material ... sections, and in his ... vides lucid introduc... issues involved. The ... editing in the volume ... published has been ... but in Dr Cameron's ... reaches a new level o... His annotation is ... and illuminating, and ... be thoroughly at ... politics and personal... period. When, in the Pe... makes *Bentley* remark...

> For me, what Virgil, Flin... Manilius or Sollinus had ...

he annotates the couplet:

> Critics having had it in a ...
> to comment either ... Manilius, Pliny or ... chosen the worst author ... freely to display their ... ity." This gibe cannot ... to Dr Cameron, who has ... his task with distinction ... wish indeed that he could ... better poets to provide ... material, but at least in ... of his editing that *material* ... *opus*.

In this long work only ... or printer's errors have ... The dates given for Anne ... —1685 ?-1723—would ... about seven years old ... her marriage to Sir Robert ... in 1693. Those given for ... Herbert—1591 ?-1697—... him 106; in fact he died ... page 353, in a satire on ... Wells, "Lady Howard" ... as Lady Philippa Howard ... 1678; the youngest son ... sixth Duke of Norfolk ... satire in which Lady Howard ... It is said that "her ... drags from shop to ... Philippa can hardly have ... stentorious lady to ...

Doing time, not life

STEPHEN FAY, LEWIS CHESTER and MAGNUS LINKLATER:
Inside Story of the Howard Hughes-Clifford Irving Affair.
André Deutsch. £2.75.

Political history rarely comes off. This one does. *The Sunday Times* triumphantly has written a brisk, incisive, gripping and reasonably accurate account of what Conan Doyle, inevitably, would have called The Case of the Autobiographic Biography.

The book has faults, as all instant history must. Stephen Fay, Lewis Chester and Magnus Linklater are Fleet Street reporters but the writing style at times from what the late H. L. Mencken called "smartly pants journalism". They also assume an audience they do not have. No one has all the facts on Clifford Irving's attempt to hoax the McGraw-Hill Book Company, *Life Magazine*, the pundits and experts and, of course, Howard R. Hughes. Some day someone may have all the facts. But then, what will it matter? The story itself is such stuff as dreams are made of. The eccentric millionaire, the rather spoilt, appropriately talented author conceiving the plot to take the grand old dames of American publishing, Hughes's old friends and old foes, the plots and counterplots of his enormous industrial empire; if the triumvirate had not existed it as fact, Eric Ambler would have written it as fiction. The story of *Howard* is complicated.

The authors have succeeded in making the high-level shenanigans of great corporations clear. They have also painted a brilliant picture of the easy, amoral society of Ibiza and of the effect of this environment on Irving. Their description of that life and of the place of Irving and his wife in it offer a key to much of what happened later. They are equally at home and this is unusual among Englishmen writing about New York—in the lofty echelons of American publishing, giving full credit to the manner in which the vision of huge profits from the sale of Mr Irving's book on Hughes clouded judgments.

Irving and his helpers tried, and very nearly succeeded, in accomplishing what confidence men call "the Spanish prisoner caper". The subject or "mark" is approached with a story about a fantastically rich man whose wealth is secreted in a Latin American state and who is held prisoner by the Spanish Government. All that is needed to bring about the prisoner's release and substantial rewards is $50,000 but the mark is cautioned not to say anything to anyone, including the authorities, about the deal. This transparent stratagem, slightly altered by the ingenious Mr Irving, nearly worked. Greed took over. The profits from the book and the magazine articles, the money the prisoner would turn over to those who brought about his release, led intelligent men astray. They accepted Mr Irving's warning that no mention should be made of his "deal" with Hughes on the biography, which, as Irving grew more confident, he later amplified into an autobiography. They handed over large cheques made out to H. R. Hughes to Mr Irving without apparent misgivings.

How near the hoax came to success if Mr Irving had been able to get a man and not a woman, his wife, to cash the "H. R. Hughes" cheques; if the protagonist had resisted the temptation of agreeable female companionship on his supposed trips to see Hughes. The book is generous in moments when the game might have gone either way.

The characters are an unlovely lot. Except for his ingenuity and boldness, Mr Irving has little to recommend him. He is no Robin Hood but a pale villain spawned by a slightly bogus expatriate society. If anyone emerges with honour it is Jim Phelan, the tough, crusty writer whose work on Hughes fell into Mr Irving's hands through a combination of circumstances that would be incredible in a novel.

Phelan, a battered, indomitable old warrior of the typewriter, was the first to smell the rat. "This Clifford Irving story about how he got the book has to be a phony, right?" he asked Frank McCulloch the New York bureau chief of *Time Magazine, Life's* sister organization. It had to be and it was. But, at that time, no one could have convinced *Life* or McGraw-Hill. Too many important people were too deeply involved in getting the Spanish prisoner out of jail.

...y wire and by wave

...A MADDOX:
...Babel
...Directions in Communications
... André Deutsch. £2.95.

...D CHANEY:
...ses of Mass Communication
... Macmillan. £3.50.

...Top Ten words in any fashion...an's guide through progressive ...ology would nowadays have ...ude: relationship, communica...media and mass communi... Not only does the majority ...nation abandon the limited ...d being able to switch their ...p sets on and off, it often ...bility about this. Current ill ...ver the state of the nation is ...n the media. We are thus ...ing the transfer of original sin ...elf on to the uses of electronic ...ries.

...literature about technical, ... sociological and aesthetic ... aspects of modern mass communications is now beginning to emerge. Unfortunately, practitioners and theoreticians occupy not just different ground but different worlds. Theoreticians seem concerned to make the study of mass communications, unavoidably a new discipline, academically respectable. Nothing wrong with that, provided the language such studies are written in is intelligible to just a few souls outside the groves of academe.

Brenda Maddox, an accomplished journalist on the staff of *The Economist*, has no academic ambitions in her new book. *Beyond Babel* is a fascinating account of the new possibilities in the television and telephone industry. Her tone is enthusiastic when she describes what is already possible: cable television with dozens of stations at the command of your knob, vastly better telephone services, newspapers printed in your own home. However, the moment she contemplates the various political and commercial interests handling these wonders she becomes a traditional chronicler of the follies of mankind. *Beyond Babel* deserves careful reading and a wide circulation.

David Chaney's *Processes of Mass Communication* is part of a series called "New Perspectives in Sociology". The publishers see it as an opportunity for young sociologists to present original material, to summarize and to review critically certain key themes and controversies in their subject. They add: "For non-specialists the monographs provide a clear and authoritative insight into the concerns and perspectives of the modern sociologists." The present reviewer could not cut his way through the sociological jargon. A sociologist, from another field, was called in to help but retrented. Other sociologists, in the same field, may be tuned to Mr Chaney's wavelength but the non-specialist ought to be warned off. It is unlikely that the publishers' aim has been attained in this book.

...ermons on the screen

...GOODLAD:
...ology of Popular Drama
... Heinemann Educational.

...Average British adult spends ...0 hours a week in front of his ...on set; much of it watching ... forms of dramatic fiction—... Westerns, domestic comedy, ...fiction, thrillers, adventure. ...gives nearly as much time to ...as to every other kind of pro... put together, and far more ... viewing hours.

...do we spend so large a pro... of our leisure in this way? ... Goodlad suggests a number ...ible answers, or, as he puts it, ...ible sociological propositions", ...ing Edmund Wilson's view of ...logous form of mind-lulling— ...reading of detective stories is ...a kind of vice that, for silli... and minor harmfulness, ranks ...here between smoking and ...ord puzzles"—he argues that ...e drama in the Western world ...aken the place of religion, pro... viding a vicarious opportunity for the viewer or theatre-goer to live through and resolve common moral dilemmas. The most popular plays, therefore, will tend to deal with areas of tension in contemporary society, for example, in our case, the institution of monogamy.

A large part of the book is devoted to a very thorough review of the literature. The conscientious reader might feel a trifle weary by the time he reaches Dr Goodlad's own contribution: an analysis of television and London theatre plays during the years 1955-65. The popularity of live drama is measured simply by audience size, which automatically excludes plays put on at subsidized theatres for a limited run, and for the television analysis only single, self-contained plays are included. Unfortunately during the period of study there was a progressive diminution in the number of single plays in favour of serials and series. Common observation suggests that the latter type of programme is far more popular than the self-contained play, not simply cheaper to produce, so that the method of selection throws some doubt on the validity of the study.

More doubts are raised by Dr Goodlad's use of content analysis as his principal tool of investigation. Listing the themes of popular plays brings him dangerously close to banality. Is there any form of drama which would not fit into these categories? Most of Shakespeare's plays would do so quite comfortably. The plot of *Hamlet* in three sentences is crudest melodrama. Content analysis as used here cannot discriminate between plays of very different artistic merit, and tends to produce such statements as:

> The murderer caught in *The Mousetrap* offers a reassuring type of dramatic experience: Ionesco's *New Tenant*, overwhelmed by the flood of his own possessions, enlisting him to death before our eyes on the stage, is offering a completely different type of dramatic experience. Both are valid; both are valuable; both are enriching; but in different ways.

Or, one might say, push-pin is as good as poetry.

Vital values

DIANA LAURENSON and ALAN SWINGEWOOD:
The Sociology of Literature
281pp. MacGibbon and Kee. £2.75.

This is a difficult book to place. Its intended reader is a "student of human nature", a Gulliver whose innocence and complacency it is not Alan Swingewood's wish to disturb. On the contrary, his simplicity excuses the unexacting tone, permits a discussion of structuralism so brief as to be almost derisory and makes it possible so to confuse humanist, idealist and Marxist positions that the sociologist's task—"to articulate the nature of the values embedded in literary works"—comes to seem a perfectly easy and straightforward one.

Rigour in identifying the theoretical positions of critics and writers is surely a step towards recognizing "the nature of values". Yet Dr Swingewood attributes Lukács's early work and Lucien Goldmann's theory of society to "a much more flexible Marxism", in gratitude, perhaps, for their substitution of idealism and humanism for the revolutionary potential. In fact, Lukács described his early writing as combining ethical leftism with a right-wing epistemology, and acknowledged the influence of the Heidelberg School, Dilthey, Simmel and Max Weber, and of an anti-positivism which was largely conservative and romantic. Similarly, the Neo-Hegelianism of Goldmann should be identified, simply because his concepts—world views, transindividual subject, problematic hero, dialectical sociology—are not Marxist as used, and are confining in ways which are not satisfactorily discussed here in the brief introduction to part three.

Though disquieted by some of Goldmann's conclusions, Dr Swingewood accepts his central emphasis on the writer's power to express "world views", the hypothesis that it is the imaginative transposition through the creation of a universe of individual characters and particular situations, of the mental structure of privileged groups (structures which we have called world views) which constitute the essence of great art and literary creations' (Goldmann, *TLS*, September 28, 1967).

This formulation enables Dr Swingewood to approach literature as "a critical activity involving problematic values", but dissatisfies him by its dismissal of alienated writing. None the less, he is not provoked into a serious critical discussion of Goldmann's (or Lukács's) theories. Instead he waives criticism by confessing "we are not, however, engaged in a work of original intention". This is pleasantly modest, but irritating also, for it sidesteps the question of whether the chosen methodology is the most satisfactory one for a literary sociologist to adopt. It involves acceptance of the elitist, mystifying, non-dialectical concept of "world views", and of a crude homology which condemns the artist in a capitalist society to an impotent search for authentic values. A victim of capitalism, the artist is denied all resources, both in literary traditions and in the interaction of linguistics and poetics. Such a sociology of literature is basically reductive, and Dr Swingewood's account of structuralism is too brief to provide him with enough material to counteract Goldmann's monism or provide an alternative model.

Instead, Dr Swingewood offers the idea of "creative vitalism" as the writer's saving grace. It might have been more useful to go into a thorough consideration of other methodologies. No mention is made of Walter Benjamin who combines a (Marxist) sociological approach with a linguistic one, and brilliantly illuminates the relationship of art and society as posited by the manifesto of the Prague Linguistic Circle: "Everything in the work of art and in its relation to the outside world . . . can be discussed in terms of sign and meaning."

Despite the wish to avoid reductiveness, Dr Swingewood's approach is too confining to be of great use. Rightly he points out "the extreme ambiguity of the concept of world views", but only in order to emphasize the ironic mode as a more subtle way of conveying values. Fielding "fits the middle-class nexus" in so much as his fictional world is a subversive commentary on society. (Surely then, so is Defoe's—a straight-faced account of commodity fetishism and market values.)

The second part of the book, "The Writer and Society" by Diana Laurenson, describes the socio-economic forces which affect writers, and concludes: "the function of the novel as a medium for expressing a critique of society and of social relationships within it, remains assured." But if "analysing fiction sociologically" involves no more than the identification of progressive and non-progressive views, then it is easy to reprove D. H. Lawrence and Henry de Montherlant, and (perhaps) to praise the George Orwell of *1984*, and still to say very little about "the essence of great art". What the critic wants from a sociology of literature is a much subtler recognition of the distortions of ideology and their effect on the creative imagination, and a much more acute sensitivity to the anarchic power of poetic language.

One of the most fertile and imaginative centres of research into communication is the Institut de Littérature et de Techniques Artistiques de Masse run by Robert Escarpit in Bordeaux. The Institut has just brought out, edited by M Escarpit and Charles Bounzis, a collection of papers called *Systèmes partiels de communication* (225pp. Paris: Mouton). These papers originated in a series of seminars given at the Institut in 1969-70, and examine the use of the term "communication" in various social sciences. The contributors are mainly from the University of Bordeaux, but there are one or two from Paris (including the always instructive Tzvetan Todrov), and one whose function is the peculiar and imposing one of "consulteur pontifical".

THE WORKS of DANIEL DEFOE (1660–1731)

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A man and an age

GUILLAUME DE BERTIER DE SAUVIGNY :
Metternich et la France après le Congrès de Vienne
Volume 3 : Au temps de Charles X —1824-1830
pp 918-1,426. Paris : Presses Continentales.

ALAN PALMER :
Metternich
405pp. Weidenfeld and Nicolson. £4 75.

HEINRICH GRAF von LUTZOW :
Im diplomatischen Dienst der k.u.k. Monarchie
Edited by Peter Hohenbalken.
407pp. Vienna : Verlag für Geschichte und Politik. 260 sch.

DAVID WARD :
1848 : The Fall of Metternich and the Year of Revolution
275pp. Hamish Hamilton. £2.50.

MACK WALKER (Editor) :
Metternich's Europe
352pp. Macmillan. £4.20.

Extra Hungariam non est vita can still be applied, to a surprising degree, to the historiography of the Habsburg Empire. We should be in a bad way without the Ránkis, Hanáks, Diószegis and Berends : Vienna University spent most of its time, up to a few years ago, constructing sepulchral monuments instead of getting on with a serious postmortem. As things stand, we still lack a serviceable economic account of the Habsburg Empire ; Mézsi's old book, with all its literary drawbacks, has to do. The historian, faced with yet more biographies, well-thumbed texts, diplomatic accounts and the rest, can only sigh, and wish it were fair to criticize people for not writing another book.

Metternich et la France après le Congrès de Vienne is very much in the traditional manner : the third volume, more than five hundred pages long, of a study of Metternich's relations with France since 1815, covering the six years of Charles X's reign. To write huge books on subjects that do not at once catch fire may seem a dubious enterprise. Usually only Germans, and their more unreflecting American followers, attempt it. Guillaume de Bertier has many qualities : he writes well, has done immense work in European archives, has a gift for anecdote and an erudition of almost Broganesque proportions. At the same time, his book deals with almost every day of Metternich's life ; it sometimes seems as if not a single one of Metternich's recorded remarks — and a suggily facetious lot they are — has escaped recording. The conclusion is not very revealing, and is only two or three pages long ; there is little constructive comment about, for instance, the workings of government. Specialists of the period will find this book essential reading, and it contains much that will interest other readers ; M de Bertier has survived his own purpose.

Alan Palmer's biography of Metternich also suffers from the fact that it is about Metternich. Mr Palmer has done very creditably, in research and in writing, to make something of the life. His book is skilfully constructed, so that events do not obtrude too much ; it is a great improvement on Cecil's old book. Mr Palmer might have made more of the Vormärz period than he has done ; but on the Napoleonic period he is very good. He is perhaps less than just to Emperor Ferdinand — is it fair to describe us " cretinous " a man capable of saying, twenty years after his abdication : " You didn't have to make me abdicate to lose so many battles and provinces " ? Mr Palmer's book will be enjoyed for some years to come.

Heinrich Lützow was an Austro-Hungarian diplomat before the First World War, his career reaching its apogee with his appointment to the Rome Embassy. The memoirs are of the highest interest ; the family and the editor, Peter Hohenbalken, are to be congratulated on presenting the original manuscript virtually untouched and with such erudition of editing. Lützow had a great deal of common-sense, had few illusions about the outcome of the " daring strokes " thought up by Aehrenthal and Berchtold ; as a result, he never rose to a place of true prominence in the Monarchy's affairs. The book suffers from contemporary prejudices of one sort and another, but on the whole it is not only useful to specialists but also very entertaining to read. Unlike many such works, the anecdotes usually come off very well.

David Ward's *1848 : The Fall of Metternich and the Year of Revolution* appears to be designed for A-level readers. It is a tolerable account of some aspects of the 1848 revolution, put together in a somewhat mystifying way, not badly written, and with ritual genuflection towards economic factors. *Metternich's Europe* is an assemblage of documents, compiled in an obvious way. The reader can virtually see the editor chewing his pencil and thinking up significant themes, which can then be strung together with a lifeless commentary. Someone, somewhere, must find collections like this useful. But the first half of the nineteenth century is a wonderful period. Many outstanding books have been written about it. Some of them—Eisenmann, for instance—are classics. With William Langer, E. J. Hobsbawm and so many others in the field, do we need yet more " introductions " to the subject ? Anyone needing a background to this period would still do best to turn to these great books, the *Recollections* of Tocqueville, the *Eighteenth Brumaire* of Marx, or virtually any of the 1840s novels of Balzac.

Holy knights

DESMOND SEWARD :
The Monks of War
The Military Religious Orders
340pp. Eyre Methuen. £4.95.

In recent decades the military orders have attracted fewer historians than have the monks, canons and friars. There have been numerous specialist articles, and a few summary accounts in encyclopedias, but little to attract the general reader. Partly no doubt, this is due to the unacceptability to contemporary taste of warfare and very personal warfare as part of the religious life of Christians. Here, indeed, Desmond Seward's arresting title is misleading. The military orders were not monks in a strictly canonical sense. Medieval men would have echoed the judgment of Henry of Huntingdon that a fighting monk such as Henry of Blois was a monster made up of incompatibles, but they did not think it strange that a knight should take a vow of obedience and follow part at least of a monastic rule.

The two major military orders, the Templars and Hospitallers, were a characteristic product of their age, the early twelfth century. No other epoch could have created such institutes of knightly escorts and shelterers of pilgrims, who became crack regiments, shock-troops following a quasi-monastic discipline and living in monastic quarters at the heart of great fortresses. Nor can we imagine that in any other age a theologian of the calibre of St Bernard would have given advice on their rule or celebrated their appearance with a treatise. But once it had proved its feasibility the military order continued to flourish throughout the medieval centuries, and Mr Seward, who has clearly been fascinated by his subject, follows up the story of the crusading orders of Outremer with those of the Teutonic Knights in Prussia and the Spanish orders of Calatrava (associate Cistercians), Santiago and Alcantara, paladins of the Reconquista. After these, we return to the Mediterranean to follow the Knights of St John, now often called the Knights of Rhodes and the Knights of Malta.

The Monks of War is throughout a fluent narrative, concerned with the deeds of groups and of individuals. It belongs, to the same literary three volumes on the Sir Steven Runciman a lighter weight of less literary grace. imposes no great reader, who will fail to remember names one page to the next, the kind of history who are not acade The general reader flow of narrative; requires a fabric of analysis and the dialism. In these pages deal of Homeric fight coloured incident, e brilliant costumes " showers of arrow bombs ", to the cha and trumpets and " greaves and triumphal four great sieges of Mamelukes (1444) and and 1522), and of t Turks (1565), are rec zest, and few will down amid the melée.

The book rests upon of a few primary sources secondary material. into mere imaginative notes are selective a must perforce trust the Seward is fair to his to the Prussian Knig very savage opponents in a situation compar the early American ex theless, in Prussia and America, the invaders principle that the only was a dead one. Inevit makes for reflection, to no answer. Sitting at but which corresponds to it. No one has ever been produced to and incomprehensible. the repeated musicological in the modern world d tion that public opera-houses truly nationalist violence from 1637 economized on unprovoked, and has orchestra, or indeed that they bloodshed, as the Cond almized on anything, having as been indulged in by ma the financial resources of equal to that of the Iro and rival families still heavily There are some wel port of them. Economy in any tions, a competent s tion was not a feature of high and a reasoned criticism the seventeenth century ; and sources. *The Monks of* above all was never short of deniably the work of re mentalists. and accepts the standard history, but it is written physicians have been very natur from the sketchy con of the manuscripts. It has satisfaction, however, that these been demonstrated to our gen no more than the roughest of ing scores, perhaps because not ared with much thought for performance. Not only is the orchestration usually lacking, many of the actual instru parts, and in some cases (in *Ulisse*) portions of the voice laborat and even solo. Over orchestral interludes, music for or choruses or danced chor may be requested by instruc in the score or implied by irable contexts, but only a bass sible may appear, or only a or no music at all. No one that something has to be done it, whether or not as much as Leppard does for Glynde nor that in calling himself verdi's " pupil-collaborator ", ppard is making in principle ally proper claim.

1066 in song

CATHERINE MORTON and HOPE MUNTZ (Editors) :
The " Carmen De Hastingae Proelio " of Guy Bishop of Amiens
149pp. Clarendon Press : Oxford University Press. £4.50.

1066 is perhaps the most familiar date in English history, but the events of that year still excite controversy among scholars. Partly this is because the Norman invasion of England and the battle in which it culminated are described by few early authorities. Of these, three are outstanding. There is the famous Bayeux Tapestry. There is the panegyric on the Conqueror written by his chaplain, William of Poitiers, between 1073 and 1075. And there is the *Carmen* (" Song ") of the Battle of Hastings which now appears for the first time in a fully critical edition based on the original manuscripts, and accompanied by an admirable English translation.

Catherine Morton and Hope Muntz have done their work thoroughly and well. For it is not only with the text and translation of the poem that they have been concerned, but also with its authorship and content. First was tentatively assigned by him to Guy, Bishop of Amiens from 1059 to 1075, who is known from other evidence to have written verses of this kind. But there has been some who have attribution, and it has stated that the *Carm* twelfth-century work William of Poitiers.

It is this contention that editors are concerned to means of detailed argu are often technical but p vincing, they conclude Amiens was in fact the *Carmen*, and that the was actually completed 11, 1068, or at the latest this is so, we have here detailed account of the invasion of England, Battle of Hastings—an description, more reliable " than that of Poitiers, and " more explic Bayeux Tapestry ".

The last word has been spoken on these controversial topics, and added that some of the tary essays in this book, 1066 and the prelude to are not as impressive as the text. But rarely has scholarship on medieval material been better de the needs both of specia the needs of general re gators, and of general interested in the Norman quest can afford to book.

Liberals against Napoleon

LOUIS de VILLEFOSSE and JANINE BOUISSOUNOUSE :
The Scourge of the Eagle
Translated and edited by Michael Ross.
260pp. Sidgwick and Jackson. £3.50.

We think at once of the flamboyant posturings of Madame de Staël and Benjamin Constant and perhaps of Chateaubriand, though as a Catholic and royalist he stands somewhat apart. The real core of the liberal opposition to Napoleon consisted of a few dozen men whose names, outside France, are today probably almost unknown to any but historians : Cabanis, Chénier, Daunou, Destutt de Tracy, Garat, Grégoire, Guinguené, Lanjuinais, Volney, and others. They centred round a small group of the friends and intellectual heirs of Condorcet, settled near his former home at Auteuil. They were intelligent, principled, courageous men who had survived the Terror by a hair's breadth (o carry on the torch of the Enlightenment and the liberal ideas of the early Revolution.

They welcomed the Consulate and some of them collaborated at Brumaire and in the restructuring of the state that followed. Under the influence of Sieyès, a number of them were coopted to the Senate and the Tribunate. But within months their disillusionment began, and during the following years they carried on a reasoned and sustained but inevitably fruitless struggle against the growing executive power, the curbing of legislative discussion and the censorship. A book, albeit not faultless, telling English readers who they were and what they did cannot fail to be valuable.

As the title may suggest, *The Scourge of the Eagle* is hardly scholarly. The history is sometimes shaky, though generally on peripheral points ; there is no bibliography and few references are given, which is doubly unfortunate in that some of the sources used are dubiously reliable. Michael Ross's translation is adequate, but several of his would-be helpful footnotes are inaccurate. There are too many misprints and somewhere along the line a host of proper names have become misspelt : the Vichy Club sounds a sober meeting-place for royalist hotheads.

The authors are left-wing writers and, predictably, fervent supporters of the liberal cause. They certainly try to be fair and are far from portraying Napoleon as an ogre, but their prejudices sometimes peep through, as in the strictures on the Concordat and the amnesty, measures which may be, dislikable but were hardly tyrannous. More seriously, their partisanship tends to invest their heroes with an aura of isolation and martyrdom which is somewhat distorting. The liberals were, of course, frustrated and disappointed : that apart, their lot was a good deal better than would have been likely in some other European states.

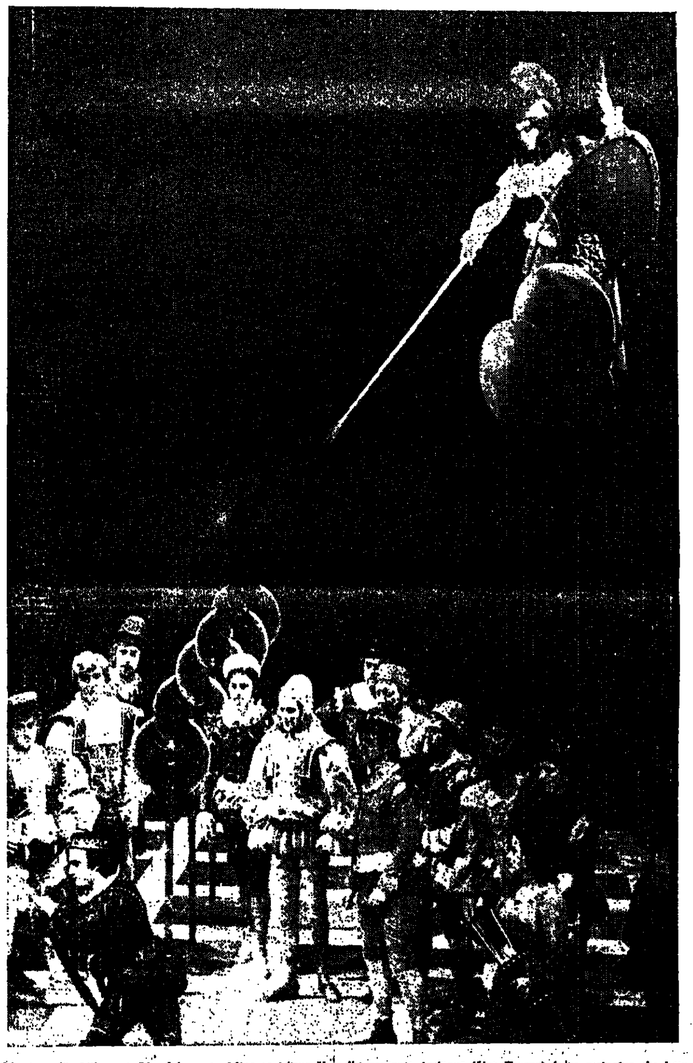
Since Napoleon's bite could be even worse than his bark, this is at first sight surprising. But the liberals were no plotters or murderers, while by their connexions, friendships and history they were part and parcel of the Brumairian establishment. Their only danger was from real plotters trying, with or without their knowledge, to involve them ; several of their names appeared in Malet's spurious " Provisional Government ". Napoleon could not stand opposition and did not like *idéologues*, but he recognized that they were *honnêtes gens*. So he closed down most of their media ; he purged, then abolished the Tribunate, suppressed the Class of Moral and Political Sciences of the Institute, which they dominated, and tightened censorship.

That was all. Even Madame de Staël was not much harassed by modern standards. The rest were left in peace, even honoured. It was Napoleon who had Cabanis buried in the Panthéon and Chateaubriand elected to the Institute, though that was to lead to an almighty row over the Oration. He also employed them when they would accept his offers, which happened more often than this book suggests. Condorcet's closest friend, Jean de Bry, for instance, after a brief spell in the Tribunate became prefect of the Doubs in 1801 and remained there and in good odour till the end of the Empire. It is arguable that by bringing an enlightened humanity to an over-rigid administration such men did more good than their friends who confined themselves to protest.

This prompts a further question which the authors do not discuss. The liberals' speeches may be eloquent and convincing and their paper, the *Décade philosophique*, a mine of noble political principles, but did they really have any viable alternative to the system they justly disapproved ? Their demand for more open legislation and freedom for criticism was fair enough ; in demanding fully representative institutions they were on shakier ground. They were a small minority in the establishment and without any base in general public opinion, whose only visible currents for years ran strongly against them. Ironically, under a truly representative system they themselves could hardly have hoped to achieve the foothold in the assemblies that the Brumairian system gave them. Then too, Condorcet's own highminded scheme, the abortive Girondin constitution of 1793, was a recipe for frustration and chaos, while the earlier and later history of France suggests that any more practicable scheme would soon have foundered. Ironically again, had he been cast in a different mould, the one man who might conceivably have devised and presided over a stable democratic system was Napoleon himself.

Return of Ulysses

BY ROBERT DONINGTON



Monteverdi's Ulisse *at Glyndebourne—Minerva (Anne Howells) prevents Antinous (Ugo Trama) from stringing the bow of Ulysses.*

THE RETURN to the professional repertoire of Monteverdi's *Il Ritorno d'Ulisse in* and other operas of the early teenth century ranks high the services done us by the family and their famous little house at Glyndebourne under ssex Downs. It is a little as if, rature, only a mere handful of ppeare's plays had survived the of time, and that until y these had been given only and ill-financed productions, pearean stature, and we know ier now because we have exed him in productions as y of him as the Glyndebourne ctions of which this year's r is the latest and perhaps the

start of opera at the outset of enteenth century was a spec- ar enough chapter in musical ry ; and the adequate perform- of these very early operas nds the spectacular. They need, at Glyndebourne, a consider- expenditure on theatrical equip- and generous rehearsal time th music and stage-production. cessity for this arises particu- from their concern with planes matic implication other than aturalistic, yet related to it as re in receding levels. Elaborate raft was used then, and is ed now, to provide an effect of pping dimensions, some more ious than others, and capable anging their respective promin- from moment to moment. Stage ery was the ingenious and ex- ve means to this particular effect rogue theatre, and so it has to the modern theatre and is at lebourne.

oe-string production will not re that virtuoso visual spec- and shoe-string orchestration ot carry the audible musical ur which corresponds to it. No ce has ever been produced to the repeated musicological ion that public opera-houses ies from 1637 economized on orchestra, or indeed that they mized on anything, having as ld the financial resources of and rival families still heavily port of them. Economy in any ion was not a feature of high the seventeenth century ; and above all was never short of mentalists.

ysicians have been very natur- ised here by the sketchy con- of the manuscripts. It has been demonstrated to our gen- satisfaction, however, that these no more than the roughest of ing scores, perhaps because not ared with much thought for performance. Not only is the orchestration usually lacking, many of the actual instru- parts, and in some cases (in *Ulisse*) portions of the voice laborat and even solo. Over- orchestral interludes, music for or choruses or danced chor- may be requested by instruc- in the score or implied by irable contexts, but only a bass sible may appear, or only a or no music at all. No one that something has to be done it, whether or not as much as Leppard does for Glynde- nor that in calling himself verdi's " pupil-collaborator ", ppard is making in principle ally proper claim.

In *Ulisse*, Mr Leppard's Monteverdi production, after dated) sinfonia to Act I, two e of a mere buss note C e rubric : " this [unnotated] to be repeated as many as is needed] until Penelope on the stage "; but we are provide this sinfonia, and at nt length. Scene iii has a of Nereids and Sirens, un- dy to be sung and probably danced, but no music is notated score, and it is up to us. Scene lled in the libretto a " dumb- ", and the score bears the in- tions : " here comes out the r the Pheacians, who carry e, who is asleep, and so as not se him, the following sinfonia ted [*toccata*] softly always on ord " ; the bass note C is ected to compose the sinfonia which might well be done along the lines of the opening toccata of Monteverdi's *Orfeo*, likewise on a single triad of written C major (concerti D major, because of the mutes on the trumpets which send the pitch up a tone). *Orfeo* does include partial orchestration, and complete orchestral and vocal parts ; it was exceptional in that because the score was printed, twice, and at least the first time as a souvenir in honour of a socially important occasion. Most subsequent seventeenth-century Italian operas, when opera was less of a newsworthy novelty, were not even printed once, and their sketchy and incomplete working manuscripts are all we now have to go on.

Act I, Scene ix, of *Ulisse* has another " chorus of Naiads, Minerva, Ulisse ", the music being left for us to provide ; Scene vi has the stage directions " here 8 Moors come out who do a Greek dance, sung to the following verses " but there is no following music until we do something to provide it. In Act II, Scene xii, a " sinfonia of war " is requested but not notated, the further instructions reading : " here comes a passage [*tocco*] of war from all the instruments ", thereby incidentally informing us that an orchestra varied enough to be described as all the instruments is present though nowhere else mentioned. Act III, Scene ii is accounted for by the rubric in the score : " left out, because it is melancholy ". The libretto ends with a " Chorus of Ithacans ", but this has no place in the score, and we may well prefer to end (as Monteverdi himself preferred wonderfully to end his *Poppea* of the next year) with the duet, which is for Penelope and Ulisse. We already have plenty unavoidably on our hands without altering the ending to follow the libretto, though that course would also be legitimate.

It is all very casual and very inconsistent ; but it is also entirely in keeping with the Baroque habit of leaving to the performer so much that the nineteenth-century habit would have crystallized into the notation. And on the whole, the earliest baroque music was the most casually notated.

What happened at the time ? There was an extraordinary tradition of orchestral improvisation, almost incredible to us if it were not described so unequivocally by Agazzari in 1607, by Praetorius in 1619, by Doni around 1635, and by Pietro della Valle in 1640. With plenty of rehearsal time (Monteverdi tells us in a letter that he had five months for his *Arianna of* 1608) this could have been worked out more or less by ear, though something may have got on to paper too (Doni hints at melodic performers improvising off an *intavolatura* just like continuo players) which has not survived. It was certainly quite normal for dances and other music to be provided by other musicians than the main composer.

And what now ? A simple transcription of the sketchy manuscript will not give a complete or authentic performance, but merely a denuded outline with the virtues neither of good theatre nor of historical correctness. Some musician of our own time must have the conviction, and the invention, to body out that sketchy manuscript in a full working score from which a complete performance can be given. Nothing less will even approach the original intentions : a Baroque director would have done no less for a normal Baroque revival within the seventeenth century, and would have had nothing but contempt for a director who made authenticity an alibi for not finishing the job.

Caccini spoke of the seventy-five musicians (an eye-witness made a round 100 of it) for his first (lost) opera in 1600, to an audience in the thousands ; Monteverdi's *Arianna* of 1608 at Mantua was given in a theatre specially erected to hold some 5,000 ; the Venetian opera-houses were also too large for mere chamber forces, and Doni around 1635 in Rome warned musicians not to drown the singers by " the multitude of instruments ". That is indeed always a prime consideration in early opera ; but we may infer that the orchestra was big enough to drown them when not intelligently handled.

It is this intelligence, and the musicological knowledge to inform it, which keeps the lavish Glyndebourne productions under sufficient stylistic control. Mr Leppard uses, if not a " multitude of instruments ", at least a rich assortment. But he never drowns his singers : more subtle, but just as important, he never ties down the rhythmic freedom of their crucial, arioso-like recitative by composing counter-melodies which would force them into regular metre (and this is one of the incongruities which make Bruno Maderna's version of *Orfeo*, for example, so catastrophically out of style). In the instrumental portions, however, and in accompanying the arias, choruses and other *mensured* vocal portions, Mr Leppard is now using more wind instruments (including very appropriate and correct trombones) than he used to do ; and he is giving his orchestra more sustainedly melodic lines to play, with a smaller proportion of clangy plucked sounds. This is better musicology and better musicianship as well, since the entire texture and sonority of his orchestration, where appropriate, are much improved by it in both respects.

Mr Leppard's orchestra does not have quite the gloriously authentic quality, for example, of Harnoncourt's recent recordings (some of his recordings tended to lack the proper Baroque robustness). That is because almost of necessity Glyndebourne uses a modern orchestral string section and wind instruments (very different in their native sonority and articulation), with the string section especially playing almost unavoidably in normal modern style. But that is how most modern performances are going to go ; and though it has to be different, it may not have to be worse. The quality which puts Mr Leppard on balance ahead of the field is not his correctness (though this is sufficient) but his musicianship.

Both as performer and as composer, Mr Leppard makes outstandingly good music of it all. For we have to accept that composing is an essential ingredient in these seventeenth-century operatic reconstructions. True, it is composing of a particular kind, like continuo realization though very much more so. It is composing in collaboration across the centuries, so that one's own invention complements without contradicting the original invention. Nevertheless it is composing. It is composing not only when Mr Leppard supplies a missing chorus or ritornello or aria (a crucial one for Penelope to words not set in the original is set aptly and beautifully by Mr Leppard) ; it is composing wherever Mr Leppard supplies orchestral and continuo material. A quite high proportion of the notes heard are of his invention ;

but it must be so. He has also been more diplomatic than previously in using his programme-note to tell us what he has done and why; when he publishes this version, I hope he will explain this in yet fuller detail.

Mr Leppard's invention is, of course, very individual. He is a sort of Figaro of our modern musical scene: witty, resourceful, impudent when the mood takes him so, never pompous, never dull. But he has a feeling heart, and shows it deeply when the music takes a serious turn. How appropriate, then, for Monteverdi, who also mingles charm and irony with deeply felt compassion and tenderness.

There is a good deal of mainly enjoyable Leppard blended in with the marvellous Monteverdi; but that, precisely, is why it comes across as marvellous Monteverdi. When a Monteverdi opera is reconstructed by a rather dull and colourless personality, that is rather how we experience it; and it is worse still when done by an ambitious but inappropriate or ill-informed personality. No personality so strong as Mr Leppard's can be liked in all respects or by everyone, and criticism is perfectly in order. But it is just the strength and distinctiveness of his basically very appropriate and very well-informed reconstructions which gets them across with such overall artistic conviction to his eager audiences.

Peter Hall's production, John Bury's designs and Robert Bryan's lighting bring just the same fresh and creative stylishness to bear. No one can specifically rebuke them, as Mr Leppard has been sometimes rebuked, for taking liberties with the original; there is no original, beyond a few laconic stage directions, for them to take liberties with, and thus everything (as in staging Shakespeare) has to be created anew, which brings problems of a more general kind. Yet they too, on their side, show knowledge of the traditional attributes of these deities and mortals, as set out in emblem-books and paintings and other depictions and descriptions of the late Renaissance, when this earliest convention of opera formed against a background of Neo-Classical and above all of Neo-Platonic imagery. Their visual symbolism, like Mr Leppard's score, is not only imaginative, but valid; and all the more so for bringing the spirit rather than the letter of the Baroque convention meaningfully to the comprehension of modern audiences. Their stage-properties, their costume, their acting-gestures and their movements (three-dimensional movements through the air included) are not arbitrarily contrived. They are at once historically founded and contemporaneously restructured. That is indeed the most satisfactory approach.

The story itself was taken skilfully and faithfully from Homer's *Odyssey* by the librettist, Badoaro. The ten-year siege of Troy for Helen's beauty is the stirring tale of the *Iliad*; but the ten-year wanderings of Ulysses and the resunreeful fidelity of Penelope before their reunion, when at last the angry gods relent, is a tale speaking yet deeper to the human heart. The Homeric strife of the gods conditioning the human struggles of the mortals is no mere trick of construction, but is a still recognizable because essentially timeless way of bringing into visual imagination those literally unseen forces which, operating as they do within the hearts of men, govern our actions and are in that sense as human as we are who do the acting. These are the universally human qualities we inherit and pass down, the archetypes in Plato's sense as well as Jung's; and their images still appear, not so very much disguised or altered, in our modern dreams and fantasies. So long as we are made to feel our own relationship with them, they still speak to us numinously of their own accord. Of course we must be willing to go half-way to meet them in their ancient Homeric imagery; but this is simply a case of that usual "willing suspension of disbelief for the moment" which Coleridge recommended so memorably because it "constitutes poetic faith".

Our poetic faith in the archetypal imagery is made very easy for us by the Glyndebourne production, even during the rather metaphysical Neo-Platonism of Badoaro's prologue (enlivened by the engagingly frank and impressive performance of the stage machinery): and increasingly as the gods and mortals are shown thereafter more directly intermeeting on one another. There was an instructive contrast to that success, this same season at Glyndebourne.

For in Strauss's *Ariadne*, he and his librettist Hugo von Hofmannsthal, with all their repeated revisions, never got the two planes of our inner and outer experience into mutual relationship. At first there is true dramatic conflict between the serious operatic troupe with its young composer, and the lively comic troupe with its ready improvization. Ariadne and Zerbinetta do confront one another, and the composer and Zerbinetta do take an interest in one another. But after Glyndebourne's dinner interval the composer never appears again, and all attempts by the comedians to involve Ariadne in their earthy doings fail. There is just one passage not long after the curtain goes up again when their personalities, and their music, fascinatingly react together; but Ariadne soon retreats back into [illegible] spirituality, and the [illegible] for nothing. The [illegible] get the best of it in [illegible] duction, and indeed [illegible] fully achieved in [illegible] but can we wonder [illegible] Bacchus appears, [illegible] who the fellow is, [illegible] might symbolically [illegible] except that he is [illegible] of death Ariadne [illegible] Or was he just [illegible] mannsthal's [illegible] There was certain[illegible] conscious turning [illegible] when in *Die Frau* [illegible] Hofmannsthal depicts [illegible] of Life, of all [illegible] symbols, as a criminal [illegible] the Kaiserin to drink.

Yet how palpably [illegible] positive, on the [illegible] mutual relationship [illegible] Badoaro and Monte[illegible] Ulysses and his Miner[illegible] and how fruitful is [illegible] of this intuitive coope[illegible] the archetypal and the [illegible] how sensitively is the [illegible] sion of the drama from [illegible] Glyndebourne produc[illegible] perience there the full [illegible] the archetypal dimen[illegible] a masterpiece returning [illegible] fessional repertoire ev[illegible] latedly than Ulysses [illegible] home.

Spectacle and morality in the Golden Age

JUAN VELEZ DE GUEVARA:
Los celos hacen estrellas
Edited by J. E. Varey, N. D. Shergold and Jack Sage.
273pp. £5.50.

FRANCISCO BANCES CANDAMO:
Theatro de los theatros de los pasados y presentes siglos
Edited by Duncan W. Moir.
191pp. £2.90.

PEDRO CALDERON DE LA BARCA:
La hija del aire
Edited by Gwynne Edwards.
298pp. £3.60.

Tamesis Books. Distributed by Grant and Cutler.

For years the dearth of well-edited texts has been a ground for complaint among students and teachers of Spanish Golden Age drama. Although the situation is still not good, it is improving by leaps and bounds. A number of new series have been started, most of them providing editions of a high standard. One of these is the Colección Támesis, produced under the general editorship of J. E. Varey, who is himself one of the joint editors of a fine edition of a little-known play, Juan Vélez de Guevara's *Los celos hacen estrellas*. He and N. D. Shergold are fortunate in being joined by an expert on Spanish music, Jack Sage. Dr Sage's collaboration is particularly valuable in dealing with an example of the *zarzuela*, a type of play new to Spain in the seventeenth century, combining music and spoken verse. Calderón, in the first known example, *El golfo de las Sirenas* of 1657, defined the new genre as follows:

> No es Comedia, sino solo
> una Fabula pequeña,
> en que a imitacion de Italia
> se canta, y se representa.

The date of the play offered here is uncertain, but it was written for the birthday of the Queen Mother Mariana of Austria, widow of Philip IV, probably by the year 1672.

The main interest of this new edition is not so much in the play itself as in the musical and iconographic material which accompanied it, and which enables us to see more of what a contemporary production of this curious type of theatrical work was like in its entirety. Lately we have been preoccupied more with the content and doctrinal significance of Golden Age drama than its theatrical representation. In the case of the present play, this kind of preoccupation could not fail to lead to disappointment, for it is frankly uninspiring as drama, the work of a dramatist who was always overshadowed by his more famous father, Luis, and one which until the present edition had been published only once, in the middle of the eighteenth century. It was played in the old Alcázar de Madrid, and was a confused tale of thwarted love and jealousy told in two acts and mixing the popular elements of the *comedia* with improbable interventions of classical deities. What is uniquely fascinating about it is the collection of five splendid watercolours by Francisco Herrera, "el Mozo", which accompanied the text in a manuscript sent to Germany in 1673, and which, representing the scenes of the *zarzuela*, provides us with an enormously valuable document about the conditions under which court comedies were presented in the reign of Carlos II.

Hardly less valuable is the survival of most of the music written by Calderón's illustrious collaborator, Juan Hidalgo, for the play and for its accompanying *loa* and *fin de fiesta*; though it is a pity that we have no evidence about the dances which formed such an important part of the total production. It was Calderón who, in 1677, wrote of his *autos sacramentales* that those who read them would find them very tame without the music and the *tramoyas*; thanks to the researches of the three editors of this work, the imagination of the twentieth-century reader can come somewhere near to bridging the gap dividing him from a form almost as rare as the Eucharistic drama of the *auto*; a form in which not only were the actors often the same as in the *autos*, but in which extravagance of spectacle was almost as important, even if the end to be achieved was so vastly different.

The story of how the editors came by this varied collection of material is told in a long and scholarly introduction which will become an essential document for students of Golden Age theatre. In addition, we have a number of appendixes giving a contemporary version by Pedro Sánchez Viana of the story from Ovid which forms the subject of the *zarzuela*; an account of the series of portraits of the kings of Spain done for the Alcázar de Madrid, some of which are shown in the watercolours, and, perhaps most valuable of all, an illustrated essay by Jack Sage on the music of Juan Hidalgo.

The morality of Golden Age drama has always been a favourite topic and many scholarly compilations and critical works have been written on it. One such collection, Cotarelo y Mori's: *Bibliografía de las controversias sobre la licitud del teatro en España*, first published in 1904, has been, for most of those interested in the subject, the main gateway to an important work now edited by Duncan Moir: Bances Candamo's *Theatro de los theatros de los pasados y presentes siglos*, of which a partial edition was printed by Manuel Serrano y Sanz in the *Revista de Archivos, Bibliotecas y Museos* during the years 1901-2. Bances Candamo, a younger contemporary of Calderón and himself the writer of a number of plays, was convinced that with the *comedia* poetry had reached its all-time peak, outstripping the epic, tragic and comic poetry of Greece and Rome, as well as the operas and dramas of Tuscany and Provence. Among the practitioners of the *comedia* Calderón was the one who brought decorum to the stage and set the standard in the matter of characters, plot, structure and style. Calderón's success in the *comedia de capa y espada* is unrivalled, but his real achievement appears to be in the honour plays, which provide examples of morality. Since his time, says Bances, no play has been so lacking in decorum as to contain adultery involving other than an innocent woman, whose honour has been lost only through force or deceit. Bances singles out as a particularly fine example of theatrical morality the play *El pintor de su deshonra*, in contrast to Rojas Zorrilla's *Cada cual lo que le toca*, hissed off the stage because there figured in it a gentleman whose wife was dishonoured by the love of another man, or to Calderón's own earlier *De un castigo tres venganzas*, a youthful play, which he later wished to withdraw because it showed a gallant striking his father.

Bances's splendid defence of the Spanish *comedia*, and above all his claims to its morality, were made in answer to one of a number of attacks on it, that of Father Ignacio Camargo, whose *Discurso theológico sobre los theatros y comedias de este siglo* of 1689 prompted the first version of the *Theatro de los theatros*—finished in the following year. Bances wrote three versions although the work remained incomplete at the time of his death in 1704 at the age of forty-two: and it was to remain incomplete until the beginning of the present century. Mr Moir has meticulously transcribed and edited the manuscript of the three versions in the Biblioteca Nacional at Madrid, and has provided a long prologue which sets out the author's intentions and achievements, giving an impression of coherence sometimes greater than that of the somewhat fragmentary work itself. He underlines Bances's political intentions, and claims that the *Theatro de los theatros* is the only document in which a European dramatist of the seventeenth century confesses openly that he writes works for the court which have a political intention.

In addition, it is a key to the understanding of Bances's own court *comedias* and *zarzuelas*. Mr Moir suggests that it was for political reasons that Bances was forced to resign from his position as court dramatist to Carlos II and to leave the capital before he had finished his treatise. The critical remarks which Bances makes help in an understanding of the *comedia* in general, which he claims to be a descendant of ancient tragedy, itself owing its origin to the biblical Book of Job. Elsewhere he remarks that every kind of *representación* known to antiquity is combined in the Spanish *comedia*. He divides *comedias* into "amatorias" and "historiales", the "historiales" being more or less tragedies with a happy ending, and the "amatorias" being subdivided into the *comedias de capa y espada*, which he claims to be the invention of Diego de Enciso, and the *comedias de fábrica*. The chief difference between these last two types is that the *comedias de fábrica* deal with a higher class of people, although still in their private capacity rather than as public figures whose fate affected the body politic and might more properly constitute matter for tragedy.

Although Bances went along with Lope de Vega in thinking that the success of the *comedia* depended upon its concern for theatrical customs rather than artistic precepts, he differed from the "Monster of Nature" in believing that the poet must lead rather than follow the taste of the *vulgo*, and would certainly not have agreed with the earlier dramatist's belief that since the common people paid for the entertainment, it was only proper to please them by addressing them in the foolish way which they understood. Poetry, since it shows things as they should be rather than as they are, provides better instruction in morals than history.

Mr Moir claims for the *Theatro de los theatros* that it forms an essential link between the dramatic precepts of Gonzalez de Sales and those of Luzán. It appeared at a time when the *comedia* was at a low ebb: Calderón had died in 1681; but although he continued to work almost up to the day of his death, his later secular work has been shamefully neglected, mainly because of the difficulty of getting hold of readable versions. Gwynne Edwards's edition of what has been hailed as possibly Calderón's supreme masterpiece, *La hija del aire*, leaves us no excuse for ignoring this fine specimen of what we might call [illegible] although the first perfo[illegible] place in fact in 1653 rat[illegible] or 1649. At first sight it [illegible] what those bred to Fr[illegible] pecially French styles o[illegible] sider to be the worst e[illegible] of the Spanish type. Bet[illegible] two plays, held together [illegible] strous Queen of Sy[illegible] daughter of the air, and [illegible] Dr Edwards's interpr[illegible] play, by the theme of [illegible] she illustrates. The actio[illegible] plete lack of consider[illegible] conventions or rule[illegible] unity of time and plac[illegible] the moment when Sem[illegible] seen as a savage croc[illegible] until she is finally [illegible] her tyranny and cruelty [illegible] who has murdered her [illegible] usurped her son's throne [illegible] us from Semiramis's [illegible] Nineveh to her palace [illegible] Outrageous as this may s[illegible] tion not only gets away [illegible] produces a tour de for[illegible] power and effective[illegible] lowers above earlier m[illegible] the theme and, so far as [illegible] tist is concerned, repres[illegible] ering of themes, situation[illegible] and images found in his [illegible] yet put together now with [illegible] vision and technical virt[illegible] of long experience".

Dr Edwards attempts [illegible] sombre mood of the pla[illegible] cumstances of Calderón's [illegible] the contemporary politica[illegible] in an earlier article he has [illegible] in the light of the precep[illegible] cal tragedy). The Semi[illegible] was a popular one in [illegible] century Spain, and there [illegible] sources to which Calde[illegible] have gone, both in and [illegible] drama. He was by no [illegible] inclined as was Tirso de [illegible] the portrayal of strong [illegible] there was something of [illegible] for writing on this theme [illegible] with the complex situation [illegible] contrives for herself, a [illegible] large cast of characters [illegible] involved with her, [illegible] dramatist with just the s[illegible] erial which gave him op[illegible] exercise his structural [illegible] his subtle penetration [illegible] behaviour. Whether the [illegible] as a tragedy depends to a [illegible] on the definition one [illegible] history. Before 1944 it was [illegible] a banana republic (the [illegible] being neighbouring Hon[illegible] the United Fruit Company [illegible] say on the coasts and im[illegible] levy on all foreign trade [illegible] its control of the only [illegible] but the German-owned [illegible] estates represented a rival [illegible] necessary to turn the country [illegible] cemetery in order to pacify it. [illegible] not hesitate to do so." That [illegible] present President of Guate[illegible] solemn election pledge in [illegible] after a decade of terrorism, [illegible] tion and assassination in which [illegible] thousand (mostly harmless [illegible] had already died. The [illegible] slaughter has continued un[illegible] since then, with further thou[illegible] added to the death toll, and no [illegible] the end. Guatemala is tragic, [illegible] cessive US governments *do* [illegible] siderable (although far from [illegible] responsibility for its mis[illegible] it is not another Vietnam, [illegible] justified to use the melo[illegible] term "crucifixion" to de[illegible] the country.

[illegible] Guatemala is second only [illegible] among the Caribbean [illegible] for the significance of its [illegible] party politics (drawn almost entirely from two first-rate books by the communist journalist Eduardo Labarca) is offset by an unconvincing treatment of the nature of the imperialist threat to Chile's economy and political sovereignty. Many of the reasons M Labrousse suggests to explain the relative failure of the Christian Democratic experiment are basically sound, but on this subject he relies too uncritically on leftist journalistic sources and paints such a lurid picture of that party that it becomes incomprehensible how anyone could oppose it from the right (over a third of the electorate did in 1970) or how any remotely progressive elements could continue to support the party (in fact, the Marxists won over virtually none of the Christian Democrat electorate between 1964 and 1970).

The author's sympathies lie mostly with the MIR (the major Marxist group committed to armed struggle in Chile), and his book is particularly good on this movement. He does, however, tend to gloss over its defects (owing to its dogmatism, the MIR gravely misjudged the political situation in the 1970 elections), and to overplay its popular appeal. He fails to make clear that the Chilean Communist Party has a much larger working-class membership than the MIR, that its press, its rallies and its electoral support all indicate a highly organized and effective party, and that its strategy has been far more successful than the far left believed possible.

When it comes to assessing the performance of Allende's government (up to January, 1972) M Labrousse makes some effective criticisms. The implications of choosing legal methods (and therefore paying compensation to property holders) rather than opting for mass action are spelt out with numerous examples. It seems plausible to argue that here the far left has played a positive role, stiffening the government's resolve at crucial moments, and combating the tendency towards bureaucratic paternalism. The author's analysis of the danger posed by the army is also well done, although it assumes too easily that any officer trained by the American army in Panama (as Chilean cadets still are!) will come back a pliant instrument of the American government.

However, M Labrousse seems unaware of the recklessness of the MIR, when it boasts publicly of its efforts to subvert the military hierarchy (the consequences of such behaviour in Brazil in 1964 and Bolivia in 1971 should give him pause). In the end he sensibly acknowledges the dire consequences for the Latin American left if the Allende experiment fails, and he denies any enthusiasm for needless bloodshed, but he predicts (and seems to favour) an open breach between the reformists and revolutionaries in the near future. He fails to recognize that in such circumstances the revolutionaries are almost certain to lose, and may well destroy the most hopeful regime (from their point of view) in South America.

Related issues arise with the Tupamaros of Uruguay. They have created what is undoubtedly the most effective and successful guerrilla movement in Latin America, and two books recently published in France provide a detailed portrait of the "Orga", up to the end of 1970, after its almost unbroken three-year run of successes. While Che Guevara and Régis Debray were denying that the Cuban experience constituted a special case, and insisting that rural guerrilla movements were superior to urban ones, a small and secretive group of conspirators in Montevideo was patiently designing a subversive organization adapted to Uruguayan conditions. For four years, until the police stumbled upon a file of internal documents in December 1966, the Tupamaros pretended not to exist, and those members who were caught by the law posed as common criminals, to conceal the political motives for their actions. Emphasizing collective leadership and the decentralization of authority, the Tupamaros explicitly rejected the swashbuckling heroics of Castro and his imitators. Refusing subsidies from abroad, the organization has always preserved its nationalistic stance and provided its own finance, putting its militants to the test in numerous bank hold-ups and similar operations, many of which are reconstructed in minute detail in *Nous les Tupamaros*.

Until the assassination of Moran Charquero (head of the police torture squad) and the execution of Dan Mitrione (the American "adviser" who helped train Uruguayan police in counter-guerrilla operations) in 1970, the Tupamaros avoided almost all bloodshed, and frightening operations designed to expose the corruption and incompetence of Uruguay's rulers. Their speciality was minute forward planning, often based on "inside information", and they built up an elaborate support structure, with their own intelligence service, medical facilities, and high-quality technical know-how. Their activists included many distinguished Uruguayan professionals, and they obviously had contacts at the highest levels in banking, politics, the police, and prison services.

Nous les Tupamaros relates the practical, and sometimes comic, details of eighteen operations carried out between 1963 and 1970. Less than three hundred people were required directly to carry out all these operations, although many more (one police estimate suggests as many as 12,000 in 1970) were held in reserve, or confined to a supporting role. It is therefore rather premature for M Debray (whose touching, if belated, conversion to the Tupamaro method is published as a postscript to the book) to describe them as "les premiers Vietnamiens de l'Amérique". Indeed, the guerrillas themselves admit that their techniques have tended to keep them isolated from the masses, and the aspects of their organization which M Debray singles out for praise are not specifically Marxist—indeed they are methods of harassment which could be used just as well by a movement of the right as by the left. It could be argued that economic stagnation, a bumbling administration, and an inefficient repressive system are the characteristics of Uruguay which permit the Tupamaros to flourish, rather than anything to do with the class structure. Even when favourable circumstances do exist, *Nous les Tupamaros* shows that the smoothest seeming operations were in fact extremely perilous.

M Labrousse provides in *Les Tupamaros* the political background and independent comment missing from *Nous les Tupamaros*. He makes no secret of his sympathy for the movement, but his book concentrates on marshalling the available evidence. Analysing the social background of fifty-five Tupamaro prisoners, he finds that the majority come from the bourgeoisie, although the movement is open to all strata of the population. Slum-dwellers tend to view the organization with indifference whereas teenagers, especially those with more education, regard it with enthusiasm. The ambivalent relationship with the trade unions (mostly led by orthodox communists) are well portrayed. As M Labrousse remarks "les employés de banque, 'radicalisés' parce qu'ils sont en train de perdre leurs emplois et qui soutiennent donc le Mouvement, ne sont peut-être pas tous conscients du fait que cette suppression sera tout aussi nécessaire dans un perspectif révolutionnaire".

These two studies end in 1970. After that the Tupamaros ran into greater difficulty. In the elections of November 1971 (which were fairly honest, at least by Latin American standards) the left-wing Frente Amplio polled less than one-fifth of the vote. The two traditional parties thus demonstrated that between them they still retained the support of four-fifths of the electorate, despite the appalling economic situation and all the moral victories scored against them by the guerrilla movement. In April 1972, the guerrillas launched a new offensive, this time aimed directly at the police and armed forces. Since then the insurgents have lost twenty-six dead and there have been over 1,000 arrests. Violence has escalated on both sides and it is far from certain that the guerrillas, for all their intelligence and forward planning, can keep the initiative if the Uruguayan state apparatus deploys its full force. Leftist readers of these books, whether in France or elsewhere, must not fool themselves that the escalation of revolutionary violence (however morally justified) is bound to pay.

The only book on the Tupamaros available in English is Maria Esther Gillio's *The Tupamaros*. This is a skilful piece of committed journalism, whose original Spanish version was reviewed here on February 12, 1971. The English edition includes additional chapters on the mass jailbreaks of last year and the release of Sir Geoffrey Jackson. Anne Edmondson has translated well, but her foreword and postscript are pretty simplistic.

he nations nearest to Europe

M LABROUSSE:
rience chilienne
Paris: Seuil. 29fr.
M LABROUSSE:
upamaros
Paris: Seuil. 18fr.
e Tupamaros
Paris: Maspero. 18.10fr.
A ESTHER GILIO:
upamaros
ated by Anne Edmondson.
Secker and Warburg. £2.75
back, £1.40).

The Latin American republics, and Uruguay have by far the most civilian political institu- and by far the least politicized ay ones. They are both pre- ily urban nations with large ndent trade union movements, organized political parties, a adition of peaceful electoral , and a much higher standard ng than is to be found in most continent. In many ways they ore resemblance to the poorer an nations than to the rest of ld World. The existence of ful Marxist movements in both ies gives them a particular fas- on for European left-wing n, and the three French , under review assume a hip eager for the triumph alism in South America, anxious to know what lessons drawn of relevance to France. ite some weak patches, *L'Ex- s chilienne* is the best single yet available on the Allende in Chile. It is particularly n agrarian problems, giving a mmary of the complex pro- agrarian reform, and the politicization of the peasan- in Labrousse brings out limitations of Allende's to land reform, and re- personal observation the between the bureaucratic m of the state agencies and ence of Mapuche Indians ny landless labourers for immediate and direct He argues convincingly that, le considerable achievements front, the government risks easant support to right and e.

reatment of recent Chilean is more uneven—an intelli- count of recent electoral and

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However, the defeat of the Axis provoked a democratic movement even in this unpromising setting, and for the decade following 1944 Guatemala had a free press, unrestricted trade unions and uncontrolled elections (even illiterates were allowed to vote until the "Liberation" of 1954). Naturally such civic liberties invited conflict in a society so exploitative and repressive as semi-colonial Guatemala, and the country's small band of communist activists secured some influence and a reputation which far exceeded their real strength. Proposals for land reform which would have appeared modest in the Alliance for Progress era seemed sheer Bolshevism not only to local landowners but also to United Fruit (whose contract with the Guatemalan government had been drawn up in the 1930s by a law firm employing John Foster Dulles). The company was offered compensation for the land it would lose based on its own tax assessment of the land's value. In the view of the United States Secretary of State (John Foster Dulles) this was unjust. However, the decision of the CIA (headed by John's brother, Allen Dulles) to equip mercenaries and overthrow the Guatemalan government, in 1954, was probably prompted by strategic considerations (fear of a "red base" near the Panama Canal). Since this benevolent act of liberation, civic liberties have been curtailed, the distribution of income has worsened, the rich have enhanced their privileges and political cohesiveness, and violence and terrorism have become endemic. Such a process is surely worth studying in its own right, even if it is now just a local tragedy remote from world headlines.

Guatemala—Another Vietnam? has a clear thesis to argue and it effectively marshals a great deal of little-known evidence to support its case. The only drawback is that the thesis is almost certainly wrong. The authors are Maryknoll missionaries who worked in Guatemala for ten years, until expelled in 1968 for their political activities. They explain Guatemalan politics exclusively in terms of the need for land reform and the failings of all such efforts so far. As a book on recent political history with an emphasis on agrarian policy it is a very worthwhile contribution, but as an overall account it is unsatisfactory. Since the role of urban forces is neglected and international complications are oversimplified, it becomes impossible to assess either the economic or political implications of the policies favoured by the authors. Also, the contrast between the Indian and the *ladino* areas of Guatemala's countryside is neglected and no analysis is made of why almost all politics (whether reformist, revolutionary or reactionary) seems to be a *ladino* preserve.

By comparison, *Crucifixion by Power* is far more diffuse, and repetitive. It contains a series of loosely related essays and monographs, rather than a single coherent argument. It is, in fact, a collective work in which Richard Adams draws on the field research of fifteen other investigators, and rather desperately attempts to give them a unity of focus. Yet despite its poor organization and overloading this book is one of the fullest and most systematic studies available of the political structure of a Latin American country, and points up many of the factors neglected by the Melvilles.

Unfortunately, the reader who starts the book at the beginning is unlikely to discover any of these merits, which are concealed until page 125. The best approach is to begin at chapter three (which provides an excellent survey of Guatemalan politics since the 1930s) and then dip into subsequent chapters according to interest. The best is the study of the military, which does much to explain both their reactionary political role and their occasional fits of nationalism; and there is also a valuable study of the cotton bourgeoisie, which provides yet another example of how apparently neutral state policies of economic promotion may generate powerful and reactionary new oligarchic sectors. There are also exhaustive accounts of the strengthening of the Catholic Church, the role of lawyers, the difficulties faced by labour unions, etc. The attempt to develop new concepts such as "structural escalation" and "derivative power" only leads the author to muddle and confusion, but the less ambitious he is, the more successful.

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Viewpoint

BY ANTHONY BURGESS

IT IS IRONIC that, with Britain at last "going into" Europe, Europe should almost have forgotten who and what the British are. Individual Britons have not been going into Europe very much since the war, except for the roast-flesh, fried-fish package on the Costa del Sol. The fifty-pound foreign allowance was an insult—just enough for an hour or so in a West Berlin night-club—and as for buying property abroad, there was that restrictive business of the dollar premium, a punishment for wanting to leave England. In Italy, the English are known from revivals of Antonioni's *Blow Up* and television adaptations of *Look Back in Anger*—the English of an England already passé and remote. They are not as real and fleshly as the Americans and Germans are. In Bracciano, where I have a small house, I am enfolded "tedesco" or "americano" (to some, my English does not sound American enough to be genuine, therefore I must have learnt it in Rome). My young son is "il piccolo americano". My wife, who is *echt* Italian but speaks English well, has to be "l'americana".

The literary application of this is to be found in Italian periodicals where the odd interview with myself appears. I am, inevitably, "un romanziere americano", since the idea of an English novelist being in Italy at all is vaguely preposterous. True, la Spark is one of the ornaments of Rome, but she is a kind of international lady like Maria Callas or Jackie Kennedy Onassis, in whom art is a mere adjunct of distinction, beauty and wealth. If Fellini wants to put an expatriate writer into one of his films—as he did recently in the Trastevere episode of *Roma*—he goes to someone like Gore Vidal, who, anyway, has a primal beautiful-people glamour and speaks Italian in a brisk jet-set way. English novelists don't, for the most part, exist for cultivated Italians—neither as people nor as names on Feltrinelli paperbacks.

It might be fair to add that Italy is not a very literary country, and that not many have heard of Gadda or Manganelli; but the bookshops are a reasonable guide to what Italians might be expected to read if they did read, and these confirm Milun's or Turin's neglect of us British novelists. The two big bookstalls in Trastevere go in for porn and fladge, modulating through books of Nazi atrocities to the anthropozoology of Desmond Morris; but British fiction means a reprint of *Cronie Yellow*, with a picture of Edith Sitwell on the cover, or of *Women in Love*, *capolavoro di* Ken Russell. Where are Amis and Braine and Drabble and Lady Snow? Burgess's *La Dolce Bestia* gets a long one-copy dusty display because Burgess himself is here, feebly ready to whine or bully. Ivy Compton-Burnett has been discovered as a proto-structuralist, and Christine Brooke-Rose is a kind of Frenchwoman, so they are around. Otherwise literature in English has, like English itself, to be American, and then it can safely go into Italian.

The Americans are very much in Italy, as well as Italian, and there is hardly an American writer who has not spent some time at the American Academy here, writing a long novel about an American writer at the American Academy here. But, apart from the fact that Americans exist corporeally for Italians in a way that the British do not (and this has to be blamed on a succession of British governments), American literature seems to have something to say to the Italians. American fiction is political, which is a great recommendation to all Europeans, and British fiction is just about unexportable manners. I mean "political", of course, in the widest sense—the sense of protest or counter-protest. This makes Philip Roth's *Lamento di Portnoy* (note that deliberate mistranslation of "complaint") into a political novel, like Ralph Ellison's *Invisible Man* or Norman Mailer's *An American Dream* (the moonshot book and the sex book, though not strictly novels, are still strictly political). The "political" novel in England, as practised by Snow and Edelman, is not, by European standards, political at all: it is merely about men in clubs.

In Italy, as well as France, every novelist has to have a political affiliation—ideological more than strictly sectarian—and this is taken into account even in purely aesthetic evaluations of his work. If you have no interest in politics, you are still liable to be interpreted politically, and—inevitably—since you are not a revolutionary activist you have to be a crypto-fascist. A long article on myself appeared in the *Messaggero*, representing me as the worst kind of reactionary. This is, incidentally, balanced by some of the correspondence I get from Americans who sign themselves "John Doe" and say "Get back to Russia, you limey commie bastard". My crime is to be distrustful of progressive shibboleths and to say that we are all sinners.

Recently on this page Peter Porter said that the British, poets and novelists alike, have no contemporary figure capable of generating an international literary excitement—no one like Günter Grass or Norman Mailer. It can't be altogether to do with politics, unless the forging of a new literary medium is, as it probably potentially is, a political act. About some writers there is an aura of internationalism even when their language resists translation, there is a flavour of political radicalism even when the content is cenobitic or High Anglican. Beckett and Borges are revolutionary, though they deal with human beings very much on their own; Doris Lessing, obsessed with social and sexual wrong, is not

T. S. Eliot is everywhere known, while Geoffrey Grigson has never been heard of. Novelists like Margaret Drabble are, on their own admission, content to plough a traditional and somewhat parochial furrow, and there is nothing wrong with that. Keats wrote, as Grigson might write, of leaving great verse unto a little clan. Literature doesn't *have* to be international. On the other hand, British insularity too often seems to mean the recording of manners—interesting but superficial and ephemeral—and neglecting what lies underneath them.

A book by Frederick R. Karl, called *A Reader's Guide to the Contemporary English Novel* and popular in American universities, may be regarded as less a guide than a threnody. We British novelists are dead because England herself is dead. *Lucky Jim* is "tepid, uninspired, flatly written comedy". Durrell's later work is "unfortunate". Golding's concern with moral issues, with the secular fall from grace, never approaches the intensity of *Heart of Darkness* or Camus's *The Fall*." Iris Murdoch is given to "intellectual camp". The later Snow "comes on flat and rational in a prose that besides being cliché-ridden has lost all vigor and tension". Muriel Spark's novellhs have been "slender, more suitable as 'entertainments' than as serious fiction". Anthony Burgess "has too much going on all the time for the small amount finally revealed". That Graham Greene "has attempted so much and achieved the power of nearly first-rate novels is not to be denied: but to claim more for them is to read in the religious hopes of the reader". Joyce Cary is "thin and uneven, eventually repetitious and tiring". And so on. Doris Lessing and Anthony Powell do at least record, in full awareness, the decay of a great society, but it is, apparently, an insufficient subject-matter for the sustention of a major literature.

Bernard Bergonzi, in his admirable *The Situation of the Novel*, sees one of our national faults in the addiction to a "non-style", which makes first novelists quite content to open like this:

> Janet was tired when she got in from the office that evening. She ran up the stairs to her flat, desperately hoping there would be a letter from Simon. There wasn't, of course, only a boring-seeming invitation to a party given by some dull friends of her sister's. . . .

That is Bergonzi's own invention. The following is a real opening—that of Richard Fariña's *Been Down So Long It Looks Like Up To Me*:

> To Athene then. Young Gnossos Papadopoulis, furry Pooh Bear, keeper of the flame, voyaged back from the asphalt seas of the great wasted land: 9th highways U.S. 40 and unyielding 66. I am home to the glacier-gnawed gorges, the fingers of lakes, the golden girls of Westchester and Shaker Heights. See me loud with lies, big boots stomping, mind awash with schemes.

It is, of course, as Bergonzi goes on to say, very bad writing, but it can hardly be called a non-style. It *tries*. It wants to enter a bigger world than that of [illegible] the office. About [illegible] porary British fiction [illegible] it-or-leave-it quality [illegible] give a damn about [illegible] ope or America, or [illegible] It's good enough [illegible] why worry about [illegible] novels aren't writing [illegible] for enemies, rather. . . .

* * *

Writing in English, [illegible] Italian-speakers [illegible] writing, very [illegible] speakers), I watch [illegible] of the influence of [illegible] or non-style. The [illegible] about "a dispute [illegible] lighter" where "dispu[illegible] ably the right English [illegible] earlier somewhere [illegible] rail ticket from the [illegible] the English word "[illegible] (but is that right?) [illegible] make distinctions now [illegible] of pasta, so that I [illegible] about people sitting [illegible] hetti, since it may be [illegible] fine vermicelli) or, [illegible] more to wish to use [illegible] with *spaghetti* and with [illegible] single boiling spaghe[illegible] pan". These are [illegible] With James Joyce, to [illegible] became a first [illegible] there are profounder [illegible] a book from somers[illegible] Italianate syntax of [illegible] often an adverb come[illegible] after a transitive ver[illegible] thrice". One of the [illegible] *Ulysses* has its dialogue [illegible] ian: it seems explic[illegible] Stephen Dedalus a [illegible] phrase in *Finnegans* [illegible] Trieste, ah Trieste, ah! [illegible] echoes an idiom heal[illegible] times a day in that city [illegible] men in the same book [illegible] in long words ending [illegible] seem to make mockery [illegible] *lazione* della situazione [illegible] Italian official directive [illegible] mockery may be said to [illegible] endlessly qualified s[illegible] tences punctuated by [illegible] and bird-cries—which [illegible] bulk of the *Wake* and [illegible] is a book that internalis[illegible] some say, to death. E[illegible] nicer to be with Janet w[illegible] from Simon and the [illegible] moodily to the flicks.

* * *

In Trastevere the other [illegible] wife and I were mildly [illegible] see the pavements full of [illegible] Letting that pass, we [illegible] find the walls of the [illegible] plastered with very insi[illegible] posters. Having torn a [illegible] down, we then came to the [illegible] school where our son [illegible] that a hard ben canto[illegible] into a Fascist school [illegible] The explanation dawned [illegible] somebody had been m[illegible] about the Roman [illegible] established Romans are [illegible] ing films made all ac[illegible] Indeed, they act all the [illegible] there are hidden cameras [illegible] such a world, who needs

'bright, smothering breeziness'

was how Robert Lowell described the manner of the *TLS* reviewer of I. A. Richards's Internal Colloquies: 'a lifework . . . the poems of a great spirit and he went on to cite *Hope*, this among 'Richards' innocent, intelligent, unconventional poems, the most cherished in his immense work.'

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Shaw at home with his wife Charlotte.

Public Shaw and private Shaw

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261pp. Allen and Unwin. £3.50.

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Bernard Shaw: Playwright and Preacher
270pp. Methuen. £3.

EARLY IN the new volume of Shaw's letters is one to William Archer, in which Shaw offers this characteristic self-evaluation: "As a matter of fact I am by a very great deal the best English-language playwright since Shakespear, and considerably *his* superior on a good many points." The date is 1900, and at that time Shaw's remark must have seemed to Archer an extravagant joke; but by the end of the decade it was a possible, credible judgment. These letters record Shaw's Edwardian years, the years during which he revealed, indeed paraded, his genius; they are therefore of the greatest interest to anyone interested in his career, or in the growth of modern British drama.

The book begins in 1898, with Shaw at work on *Plays Pleasant and Unpleasant*, his first published collection, and ends with the copyright performance of *The Dark Lady of the Sonnets*. At the beginning he is the author of a number of plays, but has had only one extended London run (fifty performances of *Arms and the Man* in 1894); by the end of the Edwardian decade he has written *Caesar and Cleopatra*, *Man and Superman*, *John Bull's Other Island*, *Major Barbara*, and *Misalliance*, and has had his successes at Barker and Vedrenne's Royal Court. There are still important plays to come—*Heartbreak House*, *Saint Joan*—but this is the great productive period, and it is the work of these years that makes Shaw "the best English-language playwright since Shakespear", if any does.

Dan Laurence, the editor of the *Collected Letters*, has chosen 1898 as the beginning of this volume presumably to emphasize the significance of Shaw's marriage in that year. It seems obvious that there was a causal relation between the marriage and the burst of creativity that followed, and that the connexion was more than simply financial. Certainly Charlotte Payne-Townshend's money freed Shaw from poverty and journalism, but her presence had another useful consequence: she was a barricade against the sexual importunings of other women, and Shaw's own philandering impulses. There is an interesting example of this role here, in a letter to a particularly insistent admirer, which was drafted by Shaw, to be signed by Charlotte. Shaw says of Charlotte that she was beyond any "corrupt personal interest" in him, but she was at least willing to act the jealous wife when it suited her husband, and thus free him to write his major plays. Throughout this volume this curious union runs its eccentric course, more like the friendship of a spirited nephew and a difficult aunt than like man and wife, but clearly a source of security for Shaw.

When Shaw was not being a playwright or a nephew-husband, he was being a man of affairs—a Fabian, a political office-holder, a campaigner against censorship, an author with rights and translations to worry about—and all of these activities get into the letters. One finds the St Pancras Vestryman worrying about Sanitary Inspectors in Somers Town and free public conveniences for women, the Fabian advising Fabians, the vegetarian defending his diet. Shaw lectures Wells on currency, Webb on Socialism, Ellen Terry on acting, Archer on drama, Coburn on photography. He writes letters that amount to essays on "The Drink Question" and on the proper education for a young girl. Surely no other author's letters provide so full, or so entertaining, a representation of the intellectual, political, and social life of his time as Shaw's do. The importance of this volume therefore goes far beyond its literary content; it will be a valuable source book for any serious student of Edwardian life and thought.

One also expects to find in private letters a private person, and this does not at first seem to happen with Shaw. He had many friends, and his letters to them are often affectionate and sympathetic, but they are rarely intimate. Between Shaw and his correspondents stands that created character, GBS, the "incorrigible histrionic mountebank", posing and posturing, joking and hectoring, offering outrageous advice in reasonable tones, taking pleasure in what he called his "anti-gentlemanly, anti-literary, anti-ethical, anti-virtuous view of life", and always maintaining a relentless note of cheerfulness and good sense (neither a quality that one looks for in the private letters of great writers). There are no self-revelations, no confessions, no dark doubts, no moments of despair or anger, indeed no passions at all. After a while Shaw begins to seem a bit inhuman, like the nightmare that Yeats had of him, as a smiling sewing machine.

Still, there is a private person here, a character does emerge, if not out of confessions then out of occasional sentences that seem to set aside the mask, the cap and bells. It is not GBS who writes to Ellen Terry:

> What people call love is impossible, except as a joke (and even then one of the two is sure to turn serious) between two strangers meeting accidentally at an inn or in a forest path. Why, I dare not for my life's happiness make love to my own wife. A delusion, Ellen, all this love romance: that way madness lies.

And the same voice, arguing the necessity of pubs for the support of ordinary existence, observes somberely that not everybody "is strong enough to endure life without an anaesthetic". The impulse to realism and truth-telling that must have made Shaw a trying correspondent when one was in trouble (he was likely to advise filing for bankruptcy when one had only asked for the loan of a hundred pounds) made him acknowledge human unhappiness, if only to be reasonable about it.

The reasonableness may seem so unremitting as to be unnatural, but it is alleviated by an equally unremitting kindness (also not a quality notable among writers). Through this volume, Shaw's dealings with the husband-and-wife acting team of Janet Achurch and Charles Charrington offer an example. The Charringtons were constantly in debt, and always cheerfully confident that Shaw would bail them out. He responded to their cadging letters with a sensible generosity, usually accompanied by money; he never lost his temper, and he never refused his good advice, though he knew it would not be taken, and that another begging letter would inevitably follow. Shaw was too much of a realist to expect human beings to change, and too humane to despise them because they did not thence his need for a theory of Creative Evolution, since the only possible change in human nature must be a genetic change).

It would be a mistake to divide the contents of this volume of letters too rigorously into the public and the private: for in Shaw's case, the public was the private. That is, what he did in his public roles entered into his imaginative and creative life, and produced a body of writing that is unique in its blend of issues and opinions, ideas and feelings about ideas. Shaw's imagination seems to have been able to absorb immediate, public experience, and not, as was the case with Wells, in order to use it directly in barely fictionalized narrative, but to assimilate and transform it.

If one reads through the letters written while Shaw was at work on a play, one finds an enormous amount of other, public living going on, and very little sense of withdrawal from public roles in order to play the private role of playwright. And the sense that this gives, of life lived among issues, informs the major plays. While *Major Barbara* was being written, for example (in a period of less than six months), Shaw found time to work at rehearsals for three other plays, meet with the Executive Committee of the Fabian Society, deal with the Charringtons' perennial financial problems, move house, revise half a dozen French and German translations, answer questions for his biographer, and visit Wells at Sandgate. These various activities seem to have been not so much interruptions as parts of the whole extraordinary imagination that was creating *Major Barbara*; in the life, as in the play, there are no private moments, only public occasions, but those occasions are lived fully, with a mind open in all directions.

A consequence for the critic of Shaw is that, though he must be aware of the relation of the plays to the life and thought of the time, this cannot be done simply by recognizing that a "background" exists; for Shaw helped to create the climate of thought in which his plays lived, and so the background is really foreground, ideas are events. At the same time, ideas are so transformed by the power and individuality of Shaw's imagination as to make a "philosophical" approach equally inadequate (as is also the case with Brecht, a playwright of similar imagination). Political ideas may explain Broadbent, social philosophy may explain Snobby Price, but neither will help us with Peter Keegan or Undershaft. None of Shaw's plays, not even the most casual tomfoolery, can be reduced to propositions, and the greatest of them baffle critical efforts even to summarize their arguments.

If one says, then, that Shaw wrote "dramas of ideas", one is not saying that his plays are either philosophical or didactic, but simply that they contain ideas, which interact and change, as characters do, and that the actions which his plays imitate are the actions of ideas upon each other. Often a principal character will embody within his own mind ideas which conflict, and out

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of that conflict will come the drama of the play (this seems the case with Undershaft, Caesar, Shotover, John Tanner, Joan, to mention only the most obvious examples). The way in which ideas interact in Shaw's plays is not logical, and the effect is not, strictly speaking, didactic; for didacticism assumes that ideas are simple, or can be made so, but Shaw treats ideas as difficult, obscure, and unpredictable—treats them in short like human beings. Perhaps the best term for his structures is *forensic*, and one might conclude that Shaw had a forensic imagination. This is not to say that Shaw did not take his own ideas seriously; the letters should persuade us, if the prefaces have not, that he took them very seriously indeed But the plays are not explications of what he called "Shaw-philosophy"; one must go to his other writings for that.

"Shaw is like the Venus of Milo", Chesterton remarked; "all that there is of him is admirable." All that there is, considered quantitatively, is a vast deal indeed, and even the most dedicated admirer must feel daunted by the mass of material before him. The new Bodley Head edition of the plays already runs to nearly 4,000 pages, and has only reached 1915; and the *Collected Letters* amount to some 1,800 pages, and has only reached 1910. Perhaps only the most convinced Shavian will think that *all* of this is admirable, but an astonishing amount is; the briefest, most businesslike letter will have a characteristically witty phrase, the most trivial theatrical sketch will have its humorous reward. One can only be grateful for these two Shavian monuments rising side by side, handsome, copious, scholarly, impeccably edited; the histrionic mountebank is at last being taken with a proper seriousness.

As with Shaw, so with his critics: the mass of material grows, and in the present instances, most of it is useful, and worth having. *The Shavian Playground*, indeed, is more than that: it is a major contribution to Shaw criticism, worthy to stand with the best—with Chesterton and Bentley and Alick West. Margery Morgan is concerned with the plays as individual works of art, the products of an unusual imagination. She recognizes, as Shaw's critics have not always done, that an imagination like his is more than an instrument for shaping ideas—that it is a part of the shape. Shaw's odd personal nature, his ideas about women and sex, about violence, about authority and about reason determine not only the contents of his plays but their forms, and Miss Morgan is brilliant in her discussions of how this process works:

> The fictional situations on which Shaw's plays turn are often absurd and fantastic. Their remoteness from credible actuality works curiously in alliance with the excessively rational element. The arbitrariness of the fable, as an excuse for the play, is flaunted: Shaw is not dramatizing a story with a moral, but creating a dramatic image of his conflicting emotions and ideas.

Miss Morgan's sense of Shaw's forms is sophisticated and subtle; she neither argues that the plays are in fact conventionally tight, nor dismisses them as formless, but recognizes the peculiar uses that Shaw made of fantasy and extravagance. She refuses to accept received views of the major plays, and she is willing to come to rest on the essential ambiguousness of plays that have previously been wrenched into clarity (her reading of the last act of *Major Barbara* is the best thing that has been said on that difficult text). The book gives a steady impression of a supple and mature critical intelligence working at the height of its powers. There should be more excellent work to come.



GBS in 1906.

Shaw the Dramatist has been in print in the United States since 1969, and has won a major prize there (the Christian Gauss award). It is a book about backgrounds, principally the philosophical and political backgrounds of the plays, and the strictures set forth above about "background" studies of Shaw apply to it. Louis Crompton makes much of the historical models of Shaw's characters, and this is useful as a demonstration of the way Shaw's mind worked—that he was not really an inventor of characters but rather a writer of speeches. Still, it is not of much help in the understanding of individual plays to know that Sir Colenso Ridgeon is based on Sir Almroth Wright, or that Henry Higgins was suggested by Henry Sweet; indeed it may be misleading, for it is a delicate critical matter to determine the degree to which a source survives its transformations, and the opinions of the historical character are not easily transferable to the figure on the stage.

Similarly, Professor Crompton does useful service in noting the nineteenth-century origins of Shaw's principal ideas, and thus reminding us that Shaw was in no sense an original thinker, except about the making of plays; but here, too, the danger of over-simplification has not altogether been avoided, and one is sometimes offered random antecedents rather than intellectual background in any extensive, systematic sense. A solid book, but a somewhat conventional and academic one.

Bernard Shaw: Playwright and Preacher is the slightest of the three—a modest introduction to Shaw as philosopher and as dramatist that might do best as a sixth-form guide, Shaw-for-beginners. The two parts—one on the ideas, one on the plays—are individually informative, but are scarcely related, so that the crucial continuity of Shaw's thought and art is not made clear. Leon Hugo writes in a cheerful, personal tone, which no doubt owes a good deal to his immersion in Shaw's own style, though it sinks to banalities that Shaw would not be guilty of. It is an amiable, appreciative performance, perhaps a bit more like good programme notes than like heavy scholarship.

The late Edmund Wilson once wrote of his own work that he laboured to "break down the conventional frames, to get away from academic canons, that always tend to keep literature provincial". Shaw in his writings set similar goals (hence *The Perfect Wagnerite*, *The Quintessence of Ibsenism*), and he deserves such un-provincial critics as Wilson was. He has rarely found them (Miss Morgan is an encouraging exception). The Perfect Shavian must be a critic whose knowledge and interests approach the range of Shaw's, and his letters remind us of how wide that range was: not only politics and economics but music and motoring, photography and diet, education, religion, and the Irish—the list goes on and on. But, above all, the critic of Shaw must respond to the *drama* of his ideas, for no other British playwright has got so many ideas on to the stage, or has made them behave so dramatically there. At a time when drama of no-ideas holds the spotlight, is down-stage-centre and in the aisles, we need all the Shaw we can get, and all the un-provincial explainers of him.

To the Editor

Literary Debts

Sir,—I remember that the first correspondence I ever followed in *The Times Literary Supplement* was about one of Dame Edith Sitwell's poems, which had been written by somebody else first: her reply, I think, was that poems existed as separate entities to be plucked out of the air by poets, and this one happened to have been plucked twice. And now that the Sunday papers have become so concerned with Mr Clifford Irving's source material for his book on Mr Howard Hughes, and we have only lately been told of the literary debt owed to Mr Graham Greene by that endearing Monsieur Ouologuem, it may be that the matter of plagiarism itself is in the air to be plucked out like one of Dame Edith's poems.

For only this week I myself happened upon a strange business. You must know, Sir, that several years ago I was given a copy of *Life Was Worth Living*, the reminiscences of W. Graham Robertson, by that excellent actress, Maureen Pryor, who happened across it in the secondhand shelves of a theatrical bookshop. It was published in 1931 by Harper and Brothers and I have placed this useful volume on a shelf by the loo, and I read a few pages of it from time to time in my reflective moments. This week the pages I read were numbers 133 and 134, in which Mr Robertson tells a story first told to him by Oscar Wilde about that dramatist's imaginary Aunt Jane. And as I read, I thought, "But I know this story, I've read this story". And at last it came to me that this was the story of "Bella Fleace Gave a Party" by Evelyn Waugh, dated 1932, and published in *Work Suspended* by Chapman and Hall in 1948.

Mr Waugh's story is longer, and contains much interesting and comical detail not to be found in Mr Robertson's version; nor does it refer in any way to Oscar Wilde and his imaginary aunt. But both stories are set in Ireland; both concern an elderly lady of good family, a spinster, living alone, by no means rich yet determined to give a grand, expensive ball for which an orchestra is engaged, flowers and supper provided. In both, the lady stands alone among the flowers, while the orchestra plays, to receive her guests, and nobody comes, and the old lady dies. In both, the old lady has forgotten to post the invitations. In both, there are slighting references to the *nouveaux riches*.

I do not write to suggest that Evelyn Waugh stole the story. By 1931 Graham Robertson was an old man; he may have been told the story by Waugh, and mistook him for Wilde. Or the story may exist as part of that rich oral tradition of tall stories, which we are told is most characteristic of the Irish people: as such it would have been in the public domain, to be refashioned by any literary gentleman. It may be, Sir, that your readers know other versions of the story, and what a feast of correspondence you will have then, and how the Graduate Schools of universities in the USA will be enriched by it! At this stage, I do no more than raise a question. "Bella Fleace Gave a Party" is of course magnificent, but is it Waugh?

JOHN BOWEN.

Old Lodge Farm, Lower Tysoe, Warwicks.

Book Prices

Sir,—The latest expression of the resentment that bookbuyers feel towards the inflated prices of books (July 21) misses the mark. It is fruitless, surely, to harass the publishers and reprinters, who must in most instances have a sufficient market incentive to price their product at cost plus a moderate profit. Is it not, then, more fruitful to consider changing the product to a less costly one? Printed pages bound in hard covers are, to be sure, more beautiful than photocopied typescript bound in paper, but so, too, were leatherbound books more beautiful than cardboard covers and illuminated manuscripts more beautiful than leatherbound print. Consider the arithmetic, for a scholarly book of limited mass appeal (for very large runs, of course, as the prices of paperbacks show, print comes into its own). On a run of 2,000 copies photocopying costs about one cent a page. A finished product of 400 pages might cost fifty cents a page to be typed. The production costs for a run of 2,000 would, therefore, be about $4.50. Even if distribution, binding, royalties and the rest added $3.00 per book, the total of $7.50 is far below the average of £5 per book of this sort, the figure that begins each review in the *TLS*.

DONALD N. McCLOSKEY.

Department of Economics, Stanford University, Stanford, California 94305, USA.

Stalin's Spectre

Sir,—Surely the pamphlet referred to by N. I. Barnes (June 16) as containing the text of Khrushchev's "secret" speech of February, 1956 is a reprint of the Resolution of the Central Committee of the Communist Party of the Soviet Union of June 30, published in *Pravda* on July 2, 1956, and entitled *On Overcoming the Personality Cult and Its Consequences*. This is a milk-and-water version of the Party's afterthoughts on the Khrushchev revelations, which have never to this moment been published in the Soviet Union.

HARRISON E. SALISBURY.

The New York Times, Times Square, New York, NY 10036, USA.

Rider Haggard

Sir,—As a lifelong admirer of Rider Haggard—and his best books can be read with as much pleasure at any age—I was delighted to read Peter Porter's encomium in Viewpoint (July 7). Haggard himself, and most of his serious readers, always considered *Nada the Lily* to be his finest book: Haggard put his other historical romance of Zululand, *Child of Storm*, next to it, and I should like to suggest that, on account of the excellence of his simple adventure stories (and in this kind it is hard to find better examples than *King Solomon's Mines* and *Queen Sheba's Ring*), his excellence as a writer of historical fiction has been unduly neglected. Besides the stories based on Zulu history, his novel set in the Holland of William the Silent, *Lysbeth*, deserves particular praise, and with it *The Brethren* (Palestine at the time of the Third Crusade) and *Red Eve* (England, France and Venice at the outbreak of the Black Death).

Mr Porter mentions *Moon of Israel*, one of Haggard's less successful tales of Ancient Egypt: the most outstanding examples in this setting (and most highly praised by Egyptologists) are *Morning Star* and *Queen of the Dawn*; his most imaginative (a pity Mr Porter does not like the mystic vein) is *The World's Desire*, about Odysseus and Helen of Troy in the Egypt of Meneptah, in which he collaborated with Andrew Lang. Finally his science-fiction romance, *When the World Shook*, though not completely successful, should not be quite forgotten.

ROGER LANCELYN GREEN.

Poulton Hall, Poulton-Lancelyn, Wirral, Cheshire L63 9LN.

'Literature and Western Civilization'

Sir,—There is a kind of malignant irrationality exhibited by certain men of learning that is beautifully illustrated in your reviewer's account of Volume I of *Literature and Western Civilization* (July 28). He describes almost every chapter in the volume, most of them favourably ("admirable article"; "unusual merit . . . most readable"; "level and sensible"; "bold, simple and untechnical"; "solidly informative"; "brief and informative"; "sensible and of some value"; "extremely acute and interesting"—these phrases all refer to different chapters) before concluding that the volume as a whole "engenders fog and dullness to no purpose; and it debases standards". He uses the modish words "modish" and "modishness" to qualify his high praise of the chapters by Professor Devoto and Mr Medcalf: ideas are either interesting and fruitful or not, and "modishness" is a sloppily irrelevant criterion. Your reviewer's remark that my own Epilogue "does not add anything to knowledge" is true, but quite beside the point, for the chapter was a reflection on known facts and not intended to add to knowledge.

I hate to quarrel with either reviewers or anyone else: I can honestly say with Antigone:

οὔτοι συνέχθειν ἀλλὰ συμφιλεῖν ἔφυν.

But there is a gratuitous nastiness as well as a lack of logic about the conclusion of this review which I find deeply offensive. There are more reasonable ways of making objections to a book which, like all works of its kind, is necessarily a compromise between what can be done and what ideally should be done.

DAVID DAICHES.

Downsview, Wellhouse Lane, Burgess Hill, Sussex.

¶ Our reviewer writes:—My criticisms were more specific than Dr Daiches suggests; the review was solidly adverse. To pull out the mitigating phrases like plums and to recite them out of context is a shifty device. Any reader interested in pursuing this subject will find the details of what I objected to in my review. Dr Daiches has an impossible accent in his quotation from the Greek.

F. D. Maurice

Sir,—There are one or two points in your otherwise excellent article on F. D. Maurice (June 23) which I feel can be questioned on the basis of writings produced during the latter part of his life. Your reviewer speaks of immunity from worry caused by the challenge of Darwinism or German Higher Criticism or the scepticism of Comte and adds: "not only was he unworried himself, but he saw no need to take up the challenge on behalf of others". This latter statement does not seem to me to be wholly accurate. It is true that Maurice tended to feel that most of the Biblical critics of the time were trying, in his own phrase, "to substitute the voice of their own age for that of the Bible" and he made no adequate attempt to discriminate between what was valid and false in their textual scholarship. On the other hand, as something of a disciple of Coleridge he did not feel that the defence of Christianity rested, for example, on a particular interpretation of the Book of Daniel, as Dr Pusey tended to do. Anyhow he read and discussed much of the new criticism. Thus after the publication of *Essays and Reviews* Maurice produced with others *Tracts for Priests and People*, in which his own much praised Tract II "The Mote and the Beam" discusses each of the essayists in turn and the criticism made against them. (In *Macmillan's Magazine* (January, 1864) he discusses Renan's *Vie de Jésus*.)

After his death Thomas Hughes, in a preface to a collection of Maurice's lectures entitled *The Friendship of Books* (1874), dealt with Maurice's reaction to Biblical criticism, to Darwin and Comte. He compares Maurice's approach to that of Matthew Arnold in *Literature and Dogma*, avowedly based on Higher Criticism. "While Maurice's teaching as to miracles and prophecy", he writes, "is no doubt very different from Dr Arnold's, it is at least as clear and emphatic in protesting against the theory that revelation of the Bible must stand on the evidence of miracles or the fulfilment of prophecy as commonly understood." Hughes also claims the falseness of the antithesis

> between natural and revealed religion [had] been worked out by Maurice years ago on parallel lines to Dr Arnold but with greater fullness and clearness. All revelation or discovery he [had] taught us, even of the law which is in men's hearts . . . must be made by God to man in their consciences. And so it is with all scientific discovery . . . and so with respect to the historical method of Biblical revelation.

Hughes then elaborates Maurice's view: how a man, a family, a nation, all nations are educated into acknowledgment and worship of righteousness (which Maurice calls "the living God") as the writers of the Old Testament do. He, of course, goes on to indicate where Maurice and Arnold differed. In the same preface he quotes Maurice on the Newtonian and Darwinian theories. Maurice felt that the former, whose significance he considered had not yet been appreciated, "was a wonderful blessing to men inasmuch as it shook the notion that the planet which most concerned them was the centre of the universe". This knowledge however had not been so effective as might have been hoped. "Though men began to talk of themselves as mere atoms in the infinite regions of space, each man knew that he did not count himself as an atom at all." Hence the value of the work of Darwin. Unlike many Christians, Maurice positively rejoiced in Darwin's account of man's animal origins. "The more thoroughly we accept the facts which attest our humiliation, the more overwhelming will be the force of the facts which attest the glory of our human parentage."

With regard to the scepticism of positivism inherited from the philosophers of the eighteenth century, Maurice's *Moral and Metaphysical Philosophy* as well as some of his other works reveal that he considered that in Hume this had become absolute, and nineteenth century thought, beginning with Kant, had to provide a new basis which was not that of empiricism alone, for which Maurice nevertheless had considerable respect. However, he saw Comte himself

as a somewhat doctrinaire philosopher, as indeed he was. Maurice himself was, in fact, accused in the *Pall Mall Gazette* of having "rendered into a theological dialect the conceptions of humanity which prevail in our age". He felt for his part that these conceptions separated from "the old foundations" found in the "old formularies", were "narrow, impractical, inhuman". This verdict comes from Maurice's *Social Morality* (1869) which is really a counterblast to Comte, indicating where he agreed and disagreed with the latter. Eight lectures are devoted to the discussion of a universal morality and the seventh "The Modern Conception of Humanity (19th century)" is devoted to the founder of Positivism.

From these and other writings it is evident that Maurice, at the end of his life at any rate, held an evolutionary view of man's history which enabled him to set the problems produced by Higher Criticism and new scientific knowledge within an enlarged conception of revelation. His conception of progress at times took an eschatological turn. This fact may cause one to question whether the description of him as "the Burke of the Church of England" is correct. In a lecture printed in *The Friendship of Books* Maurice, in spite of his admiration for him, finally dismissed Burke as belonging to "the past age". According to him Burke's sympathy for the sufferings of the victims of the French Revolution

> must not tempt us, as I think they did very naturally tempt Burke, to overlook the enormous corruptions and the frightful heartlessness which could have no other catastrophe than this, and which, if they had been allowed to fester undisturbed, would have been immeasurably more fatal than any such catastrophe. Nor can I help feeling very strongly that Burke, because he did not judge the sins of the passing age with sufficient severity, looked upon the coming age with far too little hope. . . . He did not see that [the revolution] might be an effort to assert that there is an order for human beings, a fellowship for men, simply as men, which constitutional maxims are by their very nature too limited, too national, to uphold. He did not see that through the tremendous conflicts . . . God might design to show at last what a true human society is, and how all particular societies may attain their own highest growth and fruitfulness in the light of it.

It is one of the virtues of Dr McClain's book that it emphasizes this millennialist tendency in Maurice's theology without which his very important role in the history of Christian Socialism would have been inconceivable.

N. C. MASTERMAN.

Bath House, 2 Norton Road, Mumbles, Glamorgan.

¶ Our reviewer writes:—It is gratifying that my article should have drawn Mr Masterman into this interesting discussion of some of the points I tried to make. I would like to refer briefly to two or three of his comments. I certainly did not intend to suggest that Maurice was ignorant of contemporary trends in both Biblical and scientific criticism. But I think that somehow he found them peripheral to his main theological concerns and therefore was too little aware of their impact on and import for the bulk of intelligent orthodox Christians. His remark, quoted by Mr Masterman, is a good example of what I mean. He is commenting on Darwin's account of man's animal origins: "The more thoroughly we accept the facts which attest our humiliation, the more overwhelming will be the force of the facts which attest the glory of our human parentage." Such considerations may make a suitable subject for spiritual meditation but are almost insulting to the intelligence of people who are struggling with the intellectual problems posed for Christianity by the new knowledge.

Mr Masterman claims that by the end of his life Maurice held an evolutionary view of man's history which enabled him to set these problems within an enlarged conception of revelation. Taking the Bible, always Maurice's base of operations, it seems fairly clear that his dynamic conception of the Scriptures could be developed and incorporated into an evolutionary view of mankind's history. But I am not clear how far Maurice himself carried this. At any rate, his conception of the Bible was susceptible of such a development and this perhaps became in the end his most valuable bequest to the future.

"The Burke of the Church of England." I think Mr Masterman takes this characterization too literally. Surely Miss Brose intended it simply as one of those descriptive epithets—as, for example, "the Rupert of debate"—which convey aptly and vividly some quality or attitude, in this case the quality of Maurice's strong streak of conservatism.

I am glad that Mr Masterman refers to the discussion in Dr McClain's book of Maurice's millennialist tendency, derived from his friend the Rev J. A. Stephenson, with whom he served his first curacy. Dr McClain claims to show for the first time the importance of Stephenson's influence on Maurice's characteristic belief that the kingdom of Christ is already and quite literally established, and Mr Masterman, no doubt with his own book on Ludlow in mind, is right to emphasize the great importance of this in Maurice's conception of Christian Socialism, but it is a pity that he does not also emphasize the practical difficulties to which it gave rise. It was the reason for Maurice's refusal to contemplate any scheme that could remotely be considered as subversive of the existing social system. He might find reasons for the purging necessity of the French Revolution, but the basic social system of England in 1850 was sacrosanct.

I should have referred to Stephenson's influence in my review, but if I had done so I would have needed also to discuss the influence of Edward Irvine and certainly that of Erskine of Linlathen. Space was short, and it seemed better therefore to concentrate on the influence of Coleridge, who came first and did most to give Maurice's thinking its fundamental orientation.

Libertine Literature

Sir,—The ghost conjured up by Professor El-Gabalawy (July 21) should be disposed of (in any context involving Aretino's *Ragionamenti* it would be inviting misunderstanding to speak of *laying* ghosts) as soon as possible before it gets into footnotes in dissertations.

"Gaspar Barthio" is a strange transmogrification of the name of Kaspar von Barth (1587-1658) who did in fact translate the *Ragionamenti* into Latin as *Pornodidascalus* and the *Celestina* (which some Hispanists would hesitate to describe as a "play") as *Pornoboscodidascalus*. He takes his place in the normal German reference works (*Allgemeine deutsche Biographie*, *Neue deutsche Biographie*, Kosch's *Deutsches Literaturlexikon*, etc), and there is a good monograph, *Kaspar von Barths Leben, Werke und sein Deutscher Phönix* by Johannes Hoffmeister (1931). There is little on him in English except the unsympathetic passage in J. E. Sandys's *History of Classical Scholarship*, Volume II, Cambridge 1908, page 363.

Much needs to be done on the translations into Latin from the vernaculars in the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries and on the extent to which they were read. Professor El-Gabalawy deserves our thanks for showing that Burton read Aretino in Latin, not Italian.

LEONARD FORSTER.

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'Dissent on Development'

Sir,—A few observations on your reviewer's rejoinder (July 21).

(1) Your reviewer suggests that what he terms the strong view of the vicious circle, which I criticize, is a mere Aunt Sally, which no one takes seriously. However, that version can be given precise meaning, and it is that version which has given the notion popular and political appeal. The weak version on the other hand is trivial and vague. And even this version cannot be reconciled with the progress, often rapid progress, of innumerable persons, groups and societies from poverty to prosperity.

Your reviewer writes that he has not traced one of my quotations of this strong version. He should have no great difficulty because the reference (page 32) gives the authorship, namely the Center for International Studies of MIT, as well as the place and date of publication and the page reference. I quoted a very long passage, some twenty-three lines, from Professor Nurkse, almost all of which, including the summary ("a country is poor because it is poor"), is in terms of the strong version.

(2) Your reviewer does not refute my arguments but explains his review by anger because I have not provided what he calls reasoned alternatives, where I criticize certain policies and the arguments behind them. Although much of my book does not deal with policy proposals, there are a number of such proposals in it. The essay on trade in Africa (No 10), first presented at a conference in Malawi, consists largely of policy suggestions. These various proposals may have escaped your reviewer, or he may not like them. Moreover, we are entitled to expose the insubstantial nature of an argument even if we do not offer so-called constructive proposals: our inability to cure cancer does not mean that we are not entitled to expose a quack. Indeed absence of a recognized solution to a problem makes it especially important to expose quack answers as their presence makes it more difficult to arrive at a correct solution (page 319). This is a point of considerable general significance.

(3) My reference to the progression of India from poverty to pauperism (page 112) is not about what your reviewer chooses to call "ethnicity", but about the continued dependence of India on foreign aid, when it was a major objective of planning to eliminate the country's economic dependence. I explicitly referred to differences in economic performance between Punjabis and Bengalis, and noted that these differences have been observed for centuries, that is long before Pakistan was heard of.

(4) My reference to a paper by Professor Szasz had nothing to do with "ethnicity" and little with his views on psychiatry. I noted it as an example of a discussion on the significance and potentialities of classification. Thus the references to him in the review and in the concluding sentence of the rejoinder are misleading and gratuitous. In the rejoinder alone there are eighty-four lines of Szasz's views on psychiatry which are wholly unrelated to my book or to economic development.

I could go through your reviewer's observations point by point as I could have done with the review, a review which I have to insist again had nothing to do with my book, a treatment which can hardly be explained let alone justified by reference to anger. But I do not want to weary your readers further.

P. T. BAUER.

The London School of Economics and Political Science, Houghton Street, London WC2A 2AE.

> **NEXT WEEK**
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> **Dutch and Belgian Writing Today**
>
> **Henk van Galen Last on the Dutch literary scene, R. P. Meijer on the Dutch novel, Marcel Croës on Belgian writing in French, Kees Fens on Dutch poetry, criticism and drama, Robert Nieuwenhuys on colonial attitudes in Dutch literature**

Olsen and Olson

Sir,—In my article "The Resources of Scotland" (July 28) your over-zealous printer has "corrected" the name of Charles Olson to "Olsen", no doubt because of my reference to Ian Hamilton Finlay's poem "The Olsen Excerpts" a few lines above. It may seem a small matter, but the blurring of the two names misses the irony in Mr Finlay's booklet, which uses Olsen's Fisherman's Nautical Almanack but reminds us of the American poet.

EDWIN MORGAN.

19 Whittingehame Court, Glasgow G12 0BG.

George II

Sir,—I recently inquired in your columns (July 7) about the source of George II's remark to Lord Hervey, quoted in A. S. Collins's book on authorship in Johnson's days, that writing verse was a trade better left to little Mr Pope. My friend David Woolley informs me that it comes from Mrs K. Thomson's *Memoirs of the Viscountess Sundon*. (1847), Volume 2, page 224. That is probably where Collins took it from, though he then added: "It is his [Pope's] trade." But Mrs Thomson, who does not document the anecdote in any way, is not reliable; she assigns an erroneous peerage rank even to the subject of her biography (a baroness, not a viscountess), and she confuses Hervey with his half-brother, Carr. The anecdote had better be labelled apocryphal unless a contemporary source is found.

ROBERT HALSBAND.

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Designer Bookbinders

Sir,—Since writing the letter which you kindly published (July 7), I have discovered that due to an oversight on my part I had not realized that, in terms of age, I have been deprived of the distinction to which I laid claim in my last paragraph by a recent change in membership status from "Honorary" to "Member" (i e, practising) by my former tutor of forty years ago, William F. Matthews, who, having been born in 1898 beats me by an easy seven years. I regret, and apologize to him for, my error.

My long-standing admiration for this supreme example—in a self-executant capacity—of the combination of craftsman/designer persuades me to add the following. Earlier this year Mr Matthews expressed to me the belief that a commissioned binding he had recently completed, and which is shown in the exhibition, was one of his best. For a craftsman having such a long lifetime of practical experience behind him and whose age is nudging the middle seventies to feel able to make a statement of this kind is surely bordering on the incredible but, having seen the binding, I am happy to believe it.

H. J. D. YARDLEY.

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Housman's Papers

Sir,—In its latest catalogue Cambridge University Press announces the forthcoming publication of *The Classical Papers of A. E. Housman*, collected and edited by F. R. D. Goodyear and J. Diggle.

In his will Housman wrote: "I expressly desire and wish my desire to be made as widely known as possible that none of my writings which have appeared in periodical publications shall be collected and reprinted in any shape or form." This statement, which *The Times* published in its notice of Housman's will, is to be found, for example, in A. S. F. Gow, *A. E. Housman: A Sketch* . . ., page v.

It is ironic that Housman's wish should be nullified by Members, and by the Press, of his own University.

R. I. WINTON.

Churchill College, Cambridge CB3 0DS.

Ragtime

Sir,—All students of popular music will have been very pleased to see your serious and extended review of the complete works of Scott Joplin, ragtime writer, reprinted by the New York Public Library (June 30).

Unfortunately the history of ragtime is often confused with the history of jazz, and the history of jazz is again usually treated as a history of recorded jazz music, which is not quite the same thing.

Ragtime substantially pre-dates jazz. Honky-tonk piano-playing, to which your reviewer refers, is really an attempt by unlettered musicians to play a mixture of ragtime and blues under very different conditions from those in which ragtime was originally composed. Primitive though this music may sound, it does not predate ragtime. Ragtime is essentially a pre-recording music, written for home and public performance in sheet music form, or transcribed on to auto-piano rolls. These latter are often synthetically overelaborated by additional punching after "recording". Ragtime is essentially bound up with the mass-production of the piano in America, with the mass printing of music, and with the development of the mechanical piano. One of the most extraordinary elements in Joplin's story is the relationship between Joplin, a negro who played the piano in Sedalia, Missouri, brothels for a living, and John Stark, his publisher and patron. Stark was a puritanical white New Englander who moved to Sedalia and opened a piano and music shop there, and went into publishing. "Maple Leaf Rag", written by Joplin and first published by Stark, was the first sheet music number ever to sell one million copies.

Jazz music itself may be unkindly described as an attempt to play ragtime by ear on unsuitable instruments. This, however, neglects the blues element in jazz. When Ferdinand (Jelly Roll) Morton, undoubtedly one of the finest piano virtuosos of the genre, made the outrageous claim in 1938 to have invented jazz just before the First World War he was perhaps nearer to the truth than his critics would admit. Morton does seem to have been the first musician to skilfully fuse ragtime with blues harmonies, producing a musical result quite different from either of these two dissimilar forms.

BERNARD MYERS.

Royal College of Art, Kensington Gore, London SW7 2EU.

Unwritten Books

Sir,—John Gross asks (Viewpoint, July 21) whether a catalogue of unwritten books has ever been compiled. Yes: Theodoor Jansson van Almeloveen's *Bibliotheca promissa et latens* (1692), a supplement to which was published in 1699—over 2,000 entries in all.

THEODORE BESTERMAN.

Thorpe Mandeville House, near Banbury, Oxfordshire.

Lamb's Trotters

Sir,—We have a relic, three pigs' trotters in a glass case, which was displayed for many years at the King's Head public house, Crouch End. It is the result of a wager made at the house many years ago between a customer and a neighbouring pork butcher, who won the bet by producing the impossible—a "yard of pork". The house is still known locally by that name.

My researches into the legend indicate that the drinker who lost the wager was Charles Lamb, probably during his residence at Enfield between 1827 and 1833. An informant, who was living at the pub when his father was lessee in the years before the Second World War, is emphatic on the point. He recollects a visit there by a Lamb society expressly to view the trotters, and puts the date at about 1925. The present Charles Lamb Society was not then formed, so the visit was presumably made by the Elians who were dissolved many years ago.

Members of the present society have been most helpful but have been unable to trace any reference that would enable me to establish firmly the connexion between Lamb and the relic. My only remaining hope is that a surviving Elian may be able to help me, either from a written record or from memory.

The trotters are to be sold for the funds of the charity on September 16 at an auction sale at Hornsey Town Hall, just across the road from their original resting place at the King's Head. Obviously, the Lamb connexion, if established, will enhance their value considerably, quite apart from the interest that would be aroused in literary circles.

S. C. COLE.

The Hornsey Trust for Handicapped Children, 26A Dukes Avenue, London N10.

We regret that because of an error in proof-reading in Clive James's Viewpoint last week the title of Professor Contini's book was wrongly given. It should be *Varianti e altra linguistica* and not, as printed, *Varianti e altri saggi*.

BOOKS AND PRINTS

A well-known Antiquarian Bookseller in Southern England has placed a small advertisement in the TLS every week for over two years.

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Who gets what

F. H. HAHN :
The Share of Wages in the National Income
183pp. Weidenfeld and Nicolson and London School of Economics and Political Science. £3.25.

THOMAS STARK :
The Distribution of Personal Income in the United Kingdom 1949-1963
192pp. Cambridge University Press. £4.60.

Economics is not immune to the whims of fashion. Throughout most of the 1950s and 1960s the fashion was for growth—macrodynamic models and the like for the theorists, targets and capital-output ratios and supply-side constraints for the policy-makers. But over the past year or two, signs of change have begun to appear : in Britain at any rate the pendulum seems to have reached its apogee and started on its reverse journey. Perhaps this reflects our copiously-documented failure to achieve a faster rate of growth ; perhaps it is a symptom of the upsurge of interest in the environment, and the belief (partly, but by no means wholly, erroneous) that growth and the environment are in conflict with each other. Whatever the cause, the effect is becoming increasingly clear : interest in enlarging the proverbial cake is waning ; interest in the way it is cut up is gathering strength.

In this context, these two books—the one theoretical, the other the product of painstaking empirical research, but both dealing with the distribution of income—might seem particularly apposite. Unhappily, they are more likely to lend weight to the argument that only in the rarest cases should PhD theses be inflicted on the general public. F. H. Hahn is, on the face of it at least, the greater sinner. For what he offers us is an unexpurgated edition, not merely of his thesis, but of "a thesis written over twenty years ago"—and one, moreover, of whose worth he was too unsure to permit publication at the time. Professor Hahn recognizes the enormity of his offence in the first sentence of his preface, and assures us that mitigating circumstances will be forthcoming ; but somehow they never are.

Basically, Professor Hahn is concerned to outline a theory of distribution which has its roots in the production function approach of the neo-classical economists, while making sense in a macro context, and in a world in which disequilibrium rather than equilibrium is the normal state of affairs. Thus he concludes that the share of wages in the National Income " is in the first instance determined by the production functions and the [Kalecki-type] exploitation coefficients " ; but that this is not a sufficient explanation, in that the micro answers may not yield a stable macro solution. The equilibrium share of wages is therefore

> that share which, when established, will cause people in the role of consumers . . . to allocate their expenditure between investment and consumption goods in the same proportion as producers allocate their resources between these two and cause demand and supply to be equal in both markets.

In other words, the distribution of the National Income between wages and profits must be such that, given the different propensities to save out of wages and profits, ex-ante saving will equal ex-ante investment at full employment. It is income distribution, rather than the rate of interest (in the classical system) or the level of income (in the Keynesian system) that adjusts in such a way as to maintain macro-economic equilibrium. This "Keynesian" theory of income distribution, which has not, for whatever reasons, won widespread acceptance, is generally associated with the article Nicholas Kaldor published in the *Review of Economic Studies* in 1955-56. In by far the most intriguing sentence in the book Professor Hahn notes that " Professor Kaldor recalls a conversation with me about 1947 in which he expressed the view that ' the best approach to distribution theory is macroeconomic ' ". Professor Hahn's book may or may not turn out to be of interest to historians of economic thought : but it should certainly be a wow at Cambridge sherry parties.

The same is unlikely to be true of Thomas Stark's book (at least an expurgated version of his PhD thesis), whose dedicated endeavour and laborious calculations might have served a better cause. The deficiencies of the book lie not so much in the years (1949, 1954, 1959 and 1963) for which comparisons are made -- though solid work on more recent periods makes some of this seem a bit passé ; nor in the exclusive use of Inland Revenue statistics, though their coverage of low incomes is notoriously inadequate ; not even in the odd definition of the " natural standard of living ", original incomes after taking account of cash benefits but before taking account of direct or indirect taxes, or benefits resulting from government expenditure on goods and services : a definition which hardly illuminates the distribution of real living standards.

The real trouble is that Dr Stark defines low incomes by reference to National Assistance scales, and high incomes by reference to the surtax level, and then proceeds, with much technical exegesis, to look at the percentage of total incomes in each category in different years. If Dr Stark had left it there, his findings, despite the obvious arbitrariness of the limits chosen, would have been relatively unobjectionable, if not particularly exciting. But he then insists on allocating unrealized capital gains (and fringe benefits) to different income groups. In itself this is a thoroughly commendable ambition. But, given Dr Stark's definitions, the inevitable consequence is that taking account of capital gains substantially *reduces* inequality, by reducing the proportion of the population suffering from low incomes—because even the poor receive (notionally) some capital gains, and this shoves them above the poverty line. A result as absurd as this (capital gains are, after all, closely correlated with capital, which is more unequally distributed than income) leaves one with little disposition to admire the weight of scholarship which undoubtedly lies behind the various appendixes. Dr Stark, one feels, could have done with a little more of the modesty that apparently afflicted Professor Hahn twenty years ago.

Slosh, posh, nosh

JOHN MALCOLM BRINNIN :
The Sway of the Grand Saloon
599pp plus 55 plates. Macmillan. £5.25.

John Malcolm Brinnin has already written a baker's dozen of assorted books, six of poetry, four of literary criticism, and two of biography, of which *Dylan Thomas in America* is the best known and most grim, and *The Third Rose: Gertrude Stein and Her World* the most definitive. *The Sway of the Grand Saloon*, which is subtitled " A Social History of the North Atlantic " is a house of all-together a different colour or should one say, whale, in view of what, with all the introductory material and fifty-five wonderful illustrations, amounts to more than 600 pages, weighing three pounds, and three ounces ?

Mr Brinnin has been accumulating stuff for this volume since childhood. The name of Samuel Cunard echoed in his ear, long before he had ever heard of Hart Crane, Virginia Woolf, and Djuna Barnes :

> When I was still an infant, my greatest excitement, according to my parents, was the sight of White Star's peerless Olympic being pushed by tugboats to her maritime berth. The first word I ever spoke, they told me, sounded very much like the syllables of her name . . . or at least the final two of them. And when I was old enough to be led down Barrington Street and alongside the little cemetery that stands at the corner of Spring Garden Road, I felt a touch of awe I can still remember as my mother told me that those " nice " rows of headstones belonged to people who had drowned in the *Titanic*.

Such, he says, are his fancies of the book's beginnings ; but perhaps, he hints, he wrote it because he wanted to read it. His bibliography lists more than 200 books which he did read ; with one can appreciate a great deal of enjoyment.

But not everyone is possessed by this childhood passion to know the history of the 130 years of transatlantic shipping in all its nuances. The outlines are interesting : the transition from sail to steam, from paddle to propeller ; the abandonment of wood for iron ; the international competition ; the conflict between luxe and lucre. In view of Upper Clyde Shipyards this is perhaps the most topical element in Mr Brinnin's history. Shipbuilding has never been entirely an affair of private business. The allocation of mail contracts gave Cunard's the subsidy necessary for building ships which would otherwise have been uneconomic. Even when built on economy lines, with food ... mically austere, the Cunard ... never have shown their pot ... out the mail subsidy.

The American answer to ... was the backing of

> a dependable mail service ... bona-fide, Yankee-owned ... American ships. Congressional ... ticular . . . wanted nothing ... American maritime supremacy ... "I suggest cost must not be ... sidered," one told his colleagues ... suppose, too, that Congress ... carefully selected American ... expect a completely free hand ... cord with the absolute competition ... man Cunard."

The man who got the ball ... Edward Knight Collins, who ... guarantee a regular mail ... steamship with the sort of ... which would beguile the ... sail and the urgent man of ... in craft which in comparison ... be converted into military ... Collins made headlines and ... but steadily lost money. It ... not been for the standards of ... which he bankrupted ... pioneering, it is possible ... atlantic travel would have ... just a means of going ... and expeditiously from ... tinent to another instead of ... a competition in slosh, ... nosh. National prestige ... more involved than it is ... The first-class customers ... enormously alternative ... courses could feel that ... invested in a great maritime ... prise on which they were ... immediate dividend.

Today nations are less ... with ships than with ships ... sengers do not matter. Cargo ... oil, is all, and the passenger ... has passed to the air. The ... passenger lines exist to take ... from one place to another ... business or indeed vital ... become absurd. If you want ... business, make a pilgrimage ... from persecution, or hijack ... You take the steamer only ... want to pass the time on it, ... it, as is suspected in a current ... Lady letter personally signed ... chairman of Cunard, you ... recover from the exhaustive ... transatlantic flight, by taking ... on the way home.

Mr Brinnin has produced ... history of North Atlantic ... to end all social histories ... Atlantic seaboard. He has ... spent so many years rescuing ... writing it that one breath ... could not have spent a year ... more, reducing it to a more ... length and form.

Solent service

MICHAEL LEWIS :
Spithead : An Informal History
208pp. Allen and Unwin. £3.75.

It is sad to pick up a new book by Michael Lewis knowing it to be the last in a long line of distinguished predecessors. Most of *Spithead* was written before his recent death ; only the last chapter is by an alien hand.

Lewis chose as his theme that evocative stretch of water in the Solent beyond Portsmouth known as Spithead, which has been closely associated with the British navy for many centuries. This is, in a way, virgin territory for him, his previous naval books being more concentrated on particular people or events. He has chosen a broad field in which to allow his mind and his memory to wander freely, whether in contemplation of the first naval battle fought at Spithead in 1338, of the tragic loss of the Royal George in 1782 (though there is room for some doubt whether the real cause of her loss was quite so venal as he suggests), of the great naval mutiny at Spithead in 1797 (of which he gives a brilliant and succinct account), of the many Royal reviews of the effect which have graced the Spithead waters.

It is all very well done, as anyone familiar with Lewis's work will expect, yet the limitations ... by so broad a subject in ... of so meticulous a historian ... ways militate against the ... crispness of his pen. Pocket ... canvas was a little too ... colours a little too muted ... Lewis we know. Yet *Spithead* ... many qualities if one is ... flow as the centuries of ... fold across this broad sheet ... and, with one little exception ... detail of the history is ... Napier's fleet, which was ... by Queen Victoria at Portsmouth ... before sailing to the Baltic ... Crimean War in 1854, was ... British fleet in which steam ... sion was fitted in the ... line : they were not dependent ... on sail power as Lewis suggests ... in the final chapter (not by ... was Robert Somerset, not ... ville ", who made the ... rescue in the Atlantic ... Jolie Brise.

Yet *Spithead* is authentic ... There are again the ... humour which have ... his previous books, there is ... knowledge of naval affairs ... lifetime devoted to teaching ... history brought to his ... retentive mind. It is a book ... he could justly have hoped ...

The Expert on his travels

EDMUND IRONSIDE :
High Road to Command
Edited by Lord Ironside.
251pp. Leo Cooper. £4.95.

The diaries in *High Road to Command* are a continuation of those in *Archangel 1918-19* (1953) and describe Ironside's experiences during a series of short-term appointments which he was glad to undertake to give himself through what would otherwise have been one of those periods of idleness and half pay once all too familiar to senior British officers after a war. Ironside was a keen linguist and some interesting opportunities were not lacking at a time when the army was deployed across Europe from Silesia to Istanbul, and throughout the Near East, on occupational duties and plebiscites, missions and inter-allied commissions.

The first of these tasks took Ironside to Hungary as " British Military Expert " with a small inter-allied commission appointed to supervise the evacuation of Rumanian troops who had occupied parts of Hungary east of the Thiess river following the fall of Bela Kun's communist regime, and who were apparently rewarding themselves for saving the Balkans from communism by rounding up Hungarian agricultural machinery and sending it home. The Rumanian withdrawal was soon over, and perhaps the most hazardous part of this episode for Ironside was his initial journey to Budapest, which he wished to accomplish quickly by train. However, the Foreign Office, for bureaucratic reasons, insisted that he should go with two thrown-up army cars which they had obtained as a book transaction from the War Office at £600 each, so the evacuation was well under way by the time he arrived.

Ironside was greatly impressed by the Regent, Admiral Horthy, and the admiration was mutual, Ironside's recent operations in North Russia no doubt leading the admiral to see the general as a kindred spirit devoted to the defence of Europe against Bolshevism. The days of the Iron Guard and the Nazis had not yet dawned, and both of them clearly foresaw the dangers inherent in the " weak curtain of successor states ". Ironside was not involved in the Burgenland plebiscite and makes no mention of affairs at the other end of the Magyar lands, where a small British token force operated. Before returning home he made an unusually interesting pilgrimage to Rakvar, the " castle of the Britons " where his Saxon ancestors, the two infant sons of the murdered King Edmund Ironside, were sent, after 1016, for refuge with King Stephen of Hungary.

On his way home Ironside revisited old battlefields (though not so old in 1920 when rehabilitation of the countryside had only just begun), notably Ypres and the Passchendaele Ridge. Since the third battle of Ypres was so near to his father's heart, Lord Ironside has included a good description of these operations taken from a résumé of the war in earlier diaries. This includes an interlude when Ironside as a staff officer was showing Curzon round the ruins of Ypres, including the soldiers' baths, where the story of the dark skins of the lower classes is said to have its uncertain origins. This does not appear as a direct diary entry, and one is still left with the suspicion that someone's leg was being pulled by a Foreign Secretary already on record as considering military intelligence to be a contradiction in terms.

In July and August, 1920, Ironside found himself in Turkey, where the Allied Council was trying to get the Treaty of Sèvres accepted by the Turks and, under the spell of Venizelos, had themselves accepted the offer of Greek military aid. Ironside was sent to take over command of a small British force at Ismid, reinforced by a splendid regiment of Cretan light infantry. The British force was soon withdrawn and the defence of the Ismid peninsula handed over to the Greeks, while Ironside was sent off to North Persia. Here, at the end of a long and hazardous line of communications, a small force of British and Indian troops occupied the passes down to the Caspian and were trying to stabilize a very shaky and corrupt regime and generally to maintain a " sphere of influence ". Ironside soon found himself skirmishing once again with the Russians, who had landed troops and seized shipping on the southern shore of the Caspian.

On this Persian odyssey Ironside brought off his most notable coup of the period. Having got rid of the corrupt White Russian officers of the Persian Cossack Brigade, which was in a pitiable condition, he set about reforming and training it. In the process he noticed that the captain of one troop bore the unmistakable stamp of leadership and decided to promote him to command the Brigade. This measure proved highly successful, but, knowing that whoever controlled the Cossack Brigade controlled the government, Ironside extracted a promise that he would not take violent measures to depose the Shah. This promise was kept until, in 1925, Reza Khan sent a personal envoy to the Commandant of the Staff College at Camberley to ask to be released from it. He then founded the present dynasty.

From Persia Ironside was called to Cairo in March, 1921, to take part in the Colonial Secretary's conference to settle the future outlines of the defence of Iraq and the question of RAF control. On the way back to Baghdad Ironside suffered a severe air crash and had to be sent home. His diaries then deal with cruises with the Atlantic and Mediterranean fleets before taking up his appointment as Commandant of the Staff College.

While these diaries do not make any important contribution to the history of their period, they provide some illuminating sidelights on it, making a diverting and very readable book. A more appropriate title would perhaps have been " Byroad to Command ". Finally it should be said that the photograph on the dust cover—which seems to suggest nothing so much as a swashbuckling Manchu warlord standing, bednosed and snowbound, incongruously by an aircraft—is grossly unfair to the diarist.

MacArthur and his marines

ROBERT DEBS HEINL :
Victory at High Tide
329pp, plus 32pp of photographs.
Leo Cooper. £4.20.

When the Korean war began in June, 1950, it took most of the world by surprise. In South Korea, the United States had a handful of advisers with the lightly armed local constabulary. In Tokyo, General Douglas MacArthur presided as Supreme Commander Allied Powers over an occupation force running to seed. In Washington, the political and military chiefs were busy with plans to reorganize the United States armed forces as a single service dedicated to the nuclear deterrent. This is where *Victory at High Tide* begins.

Robert Debs Heinl was at that time an officer in the United States Marine Corps, watching in agony the progressive dismemberment of his service, the " fourth arm " of United States military power. Despite the strong commitment by President Truman to defend South Korea under the banner of the United Nations, there was no move to send marines to the battle. Colonel Heinl recounts the activities of his commandant-general to remedy the omission. A brigade group with air support quickly left the California ports for South Korea. Their arrival was a godsend ; for by that time the United Nations forces, such as they were, were fighting desperately to maintain a perimeter defence round Pusan, the uttermost entry port.

During July, the governments of the powers supporting the United Nations resolution to maintain the integrity of South Korea had good reason to be anxious about the embattled forces there. It seemed likely that they would shortly be overwhelmed. One man at this dangerous time, however, had supreme confidence that there would be a successful outcome : MacArthur. While others could think of nothing else but their approaches to Pusan, he had conceived a masterly counter-stroke. He planned to land by surprise a force from the sea at Inchon, a little below the 38th Parallel on the west coast of Korea. His advisers, like the chiefs of staff in the Pentagon, were aghast. Colonel Heinl sets out the reasons

> The sea approaches to Inchon [illegible] the Yellow Sea are hazardous, winding through a series of small islands and swept by a heavy tide which drops the water in the port by as much as thirty-two feet twice a day. Even with flat-bottomed landing-craft, an amphibious force would be at about ninety minutes to get ashore at high tide. Failing this, men and supplies would be stranded on soft mudbanks, prime targets for the guns

disposed in and around Inchon by the North Korean Peoples' Army.

Colonel Heinl's statement that without the marines the operation could not have been mounted is not a boast but a fact. MacArthur saw very well that they were essential, and the 1st Marine Division and Air Wing were raised again to war strength as a direct result of his extraordinary influence. Despite petty intrigues in Tokyo, and attempts by army officers there to steal the marines' thunder, the expeditionary force set sail during the first week in September. Before it reached the obstacles of the islands, tide and mudflats, the mass of ships, some of them antiques from the Second World War, had to contend with a hurricane. There was, besides, a high expectation that surprise had been lost because of the lack of security in Japan. War correspondents had already named the venture " Operation Common Knowledge ".

Fortunately for those involved, the North Koreans did not reinforce Inchon, perhaps because they believed in the strength of its natural defences. The landing took place very much as planned, and Colonel Heinl's account of this is first-rate ; mischance and error are as faithfully recorded as courage and efficiency. There are two splendid portraits of MacArthur, as ever anxious to share the dangers of his command and playing—probably wholeheartedly being—the superstar from first to last. " If MacArthur had been in the movies ", remarked one admiral, " you never would have heard of John Barrymore."

Yet the landing, successfully completed, was only the beginning of the counter-stroke. X Corps, under MacArthur's favourite, Ned Almond, had to force a way eastward to capture Seoul and thereby cut the main supply route to the North Korean divisions menacing Pusan. During the crucial week after landing, X Corps consisted to all intents and purposes of 1st Marine Division and its own air support, combined with naval gun fire and carrier aircraft. It was this force which won the ground to Seoul, crossed the Han river and captured the city. South Koreans assisted them ; the Royal Navy gave valuable support ; and a US Army division, the 7th, joined them at the end, the combined participation enabling MacArthur's headquarters to announce that Seoul had been liberated by forces of the United Nations.

Colonel Heinl takes pains to give credit wherever it is due. His book is also evocative of the times ; anyone who was there will recognize the Korean countryside, the battles that were fought over it, and the muddles in and around the headquarters and the port of Inchon. At a late hour the North Koreans were broken between the anvil at Seoul and the hammer swinging out from the Pusan perimeter. Accurate and perceptive, Colonel Heinl also has the ability to portray a panoramic scene. If the picture he paints in *Victory at High Tide* gleams with the valour of the marines, he is only illustrating a simple truth.

From rank to rank

J. C. SAINTY (Compiler) :
Treasury Officials 1660-1870
161pp. Athlone Press. £4.50.

This is the first in a series showing in detail the staffing of the more ancient public offices. They should be useful tools, and for those who have the imagination to make lists live some pleasure will also be derived. One can follow the gradual progress of a name from rank to rank, note the gradual and inevitable expansion of the establishment (Gladstone's Treasury was four times the size of Godolphin's), and note the significant arrival on the scene of non-political private secretaries to ministers (G. Arbuthnot was private secretary to six successive Parliamentary Secretaries between 1823 and 1835 ; and E. T. Crufer to no fewer than eight between 1835 and 1853).

Some families bulked large in the history of the Treasury. Throughout the period the office was rarely without a Lowndes, no fewer than nine being recorded here, including the great William Lowndes, who was head of the office for the astonishing duration of twenty-nine years (1695-1724) and retired after forty-nine years' service. The humbler ranks had their family traditions too, if one is to judge from the facts that for forty years the post of Messenger to the Chamber was held by two successive Thurkettles, and that three different Barnsleys appear among the list of eighteenth-century messengers. Three Brummels adorned the office between 1765 and 1850 ; and one can ponder over the fact that the mid-Victorian Treasury boasted a Shelley and a Byron, both in the senior ranks.

By the nineteenth century the more senior officials were exceedingly well paid. The Permanent Secretary's salary was fixed in 1834 on the scale £2,000-£2,500, and his immediate subordinates received up to £1,500—the equivalents today would be well into five figures.

This is in fact a most useful and stimulating compilation, and J. C. Sainty is to be congratulated on his industry. His introduction and explanatory notes are painfully complete and scholarly. One criticism may, however, be ventured. The separate lists, rank by rank, which occupy much of the book, serve little useful purpose and could well have been omitted. The successive snapshots of the establishment and the very complete alphabetical directory of all those who served, giving particulars of each career, would provide all the references required. The book could then have been cheaper, thus achieving a small but acceptable saving to the estimates of university and other librarians for expenditure of their Exchequer grants. It is a thought which would have appealed to the men listed here, and must often have dripped from their patient quills.

From cycle to cycle

DEREK H. ALDCROFT and PETER FEARON (Editors) :
British Economic Fluctuations 1790-1939
300pp. Macmillan. £3.50 (paperback, £1.95).

This volume follows closely what has become a standard recipe : take a good handful of related significant articles culled from previously published works, garnish with a new introduction, and serve up as a tasty new treat in economic history. By now, one feels, the public palate for this kind of concoction must be a little jaded, and in this new example of the academic culinary art there is not a great deal to refresh it.

None of the eight articles, or chapters, included in the volume are by any means difficult to obtain, coming as they do from well-known journals and standard works, and the " advantage " of having them together in one cover seems insubstantial : it is unlikely that many scholars will wish to study these particular contributions, valuable though they may be, in isolation from the wider literature of the subject.

The sole reason for acquiring the volume seems to reside, therefore, in the editors' own contribution which, stretching to 73 pages, is certainly substantial. As an introduction to the subject and its literature this has much merit : among other aspects it considers in turn problems of definition and measurement, the duration and amplitude of business cycles, international comparisons, the role of exports, investment, harvest fluctuations and monetary factors, and the phenomenon of long cycles ; figures. In its clarity, balance and good sense the introduction serves a useful purpose, particularly for students venturing into this difficult field for the first time ; if the accompanying papers are superfluous, however, then it becomes even at the paperback price an expensive acquisition.

Joining the other side

DAVID LITTLEJOHN :
The Patriotic Traitors
391pp. Heinemann. £3.90.

The history of resistance to the Nazis in the Second World War is a busy academic sub-industry in many Continental countries, Germany included ; English-speaking ones lag behind. We have contributed plenty of memoirs from marginal participants, but little yet in the way of historical analysis.

The reverse of the historical medal that bears resistance on its obverse deals with collaboration : with those who accepted the Germans' victory, or even welcomed it. So far, much less work has been done by historians on collaborators than on resisters ; though the French, here as so often, are rather ahead of the rest. *The Patriotic Traitors*, sub-titled " A History of Collaboration in German-occupied Europe, 1940-45 ", is a pioneer work in English.

The subject deserved a professionally more competent author. David Littlejohn is a library cataloguer, and is thus bound to be accurate and systematic ; his previous publication, on Nazi medals, gave him some knowledge of the period he treats, though from an unusual angle. But the cataloguer's need to leave nothing out is a poor attribute for the historian, who needs to select, survey, and compare. Nor would many historians be content to rely so largely on secondary sources, or to specify so seldom or so vaguely what their sources were.

Yet Mr Littlejohn displays one most valuable historian's attribute : scepticism. Torrents of propaganda engulfed the collaborating armed forces, with which his book chiefly deals ; he disposes of many legends, put out by both sides. For example, when Holland was invaded on May 10, 1940, only at one point, the Maas crossing at Gennep, did one single party—composed of two Dutchmen and a German—" succeed in holding a bridge long enough to allow the *Wehrmacht* to get across ". Everywhere else, similar attempts failed ; yet " by the cruellest of ironies despite, or even because of its non-existence, the ' fifth column ' was to have a devastating effect on the course of the battle ".

Elsewhere in the Dutch chapter, Mr Littlejohn calculates that about 50,000 Dutchmen entered uniformed service in various parts of the *Wehrmacht*, some 17,000 of them in the Waffen-SS. Many of these in fact did so under compulsion. He speculates that

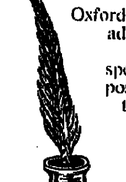
> the SS was in many respects psychologically more appealing than the resistance. Inevitably the resistance had about it an aura of banditry and illegality distasteful to those raised in a law-abiding atmosphere. . . . In the smartly turned-out SS, on the other hand, banners and medals abounded.

Norway, Denmark, Belgium, France, and the Soviet Union get similar treatment : a sketch of the prewar fascist parties, if any ; a summary of Waffen-SS and other enlistments ; a tilt at one or two myths ; and a thumbnail character sketch of a leader or two. The photographs are good, and out of the common run ; there is an index. The prose does not flow easily, and frequent cross-headings heighten the resemblance to a sustained newspaper article, rather than a work of scholarship.

This is a titbitical book : but, on a subject that matters, better than no book at all.

In the early part of 1918, three RFC pilots, who had already made unsuccessful attempts to escape from prisoner of war camps, led a tunnelling project at the Holzminden camp through which twenty-nine officers got out and ten of them reached England through Holland.

The story of this exploit has already been told in some detail, and in *Beyond the Tunnels* (207pp. Allison and Busby. £2.80) Barry Winchester has concentrated on the experiences of the three pilots in captivity and on the run. He also gives a good deal of attention to the behaviour of twin brother commandants who, in the more civilized atmosphere of 1914-18, were held to have brought to the treatment of their prisoners a reprehensible measure of hatred and injustice that has a pale look in comparison with the methods of Nazi Germany two decades later. This account nevertheless gives a vivid impression of life in a prison camp and of the trials of a long trek to freedom.



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Ticker taped

CHRISTIAAN BARNARD :
Heart Attack
170pp. W. H. Allen. £1.75.

Christiaan Barnard has written a short book about ischaemic heart disease and its dreaded sequel, coronary thrombosis. Too often, Dr Barnard argues, opinions about health matters are based solely on statistical evidence, accepting it as the whole truth. Dr Barnard makes the sensible comment that the aim of a doctor should not always be "to conquer disease" but to care kindly and intelligently for those who are suffering.

Dr Barnard describes the working of the heart and the disease processes to which it and the human arteries are liable. He follows this with ironical descriptions of a number of imaginary research projects which might be undertaken into the cause and prevention of coronary heart disease, which gives some idea of what a sound teacher Dr Barnard must be. Also his advice to those who are worried about diet, exercise, weight or smoking that they should talk such things over with their own family doctor seems both sensible and reassuring. But he draws a clear distinction between the attitude to be taken towards the patient who seeks advice because he feels that there is "something wrong" with him and towards the man or woman who visits the doctor for an examination for life insurance or for a check-up.

Dr Barnard describes in (not overtechnical) detail successful operations he has performed on patients suffering from ischaemic heart disease. In 1967 he carried out his first operation of cardiac transplantation, and by January, 1971, 167 cardiac transplants had been successfully carried out in various hospitals throughout the world, but of these only 11 per cent of the patients survived for two years. What we want to know now is the extent to which the general health of these patients improved, deteriorated or remained unchanged as a result of surgery. There remains some doubt about how normal a life was experienced by Blaiberg. Dr Barnard's second patient, during the two years he lived after his first operation. We want to know also what success has been reached in overcoming the great problem of rejection : until these two questions can be properly answered one must reserve judgment on the ethics of the continued use of this treatment.

Sick transit . . .

FREDERICK F. CARTWRIGHT with MICHAEL D. BIDDISS :
Disease and History
247pp. Hart-Davis. £2.50.

Frederick Cartwright and Michael Biddiss have put together a work in which they examine the effects that disease, both epidemic and personal, has had upon the history of peoples. For example, Dr Cartwright points out that Rome, after the great fire of Nero, was rebuilt to a master plan and that this, coupled with the plentiful supply of wholesome water to the city and the satisfactory system of sewage disposal, made Rome a model on which the great sanitary revolution of the nineteenth century could have been based. However, this did not have any apparent effect on the incidence of the outbreaks of plague nor upon the malaria from which so many of the Romans suffered. Rules which were drawn up by the Romans for the sanitation of camps for campaigning soldiers, if properly carried out, would have been a great improvement on the camps and bivouacs in the Boer War, when so many lives were lost from enteric fever. The acceptance of Christianity, with its comforting doctrine of resurrection and salvation, saw a decline in both hygiene and in medical treatment. This may well have been encouraged by the fact that it became a Christian duty to care for and to nurse the sick ; prevention of disease was forgotten.

Dr Cartwright has interesting chapters on the origin and spread of syphilis in the fifteenth century, and he believes that Henry VIII was probably a victim of this disease. The dreadful effect of typhus fever on Napoleon I's Russian campaign is told in a vivid fashion. And, incidentally, it is interesting to speculate how history might have been changed if Napoleon I had not suffered from piles and Napoleon III from a stone in the bladder. The role of haemophilia in the downfall of the Romanov empire is dealt with at some length : the appearance of the same disease, from the same source, in two of the sons of the last king of Spain may well have added to the unpopularity of the dynasty, with its British queen.

Medicine shelves

ETHEL M. PARKINSON with AUDREY E. LUMB (Compilers) :
Catalogue of Medical Books in Manchester University Library 1480-1700
399pp. Manchester University Press. £15.

The Manchester Medical Library was created jointly by the Medical Society and the University through more than a century and was served for fifty-four years by the late George Wilson, to whom this catalogue is dedicated. The library has an enviable reputation as one of the best in Great Britain, so that this record of its historic books is particularly welcome. The catalogue includes the early medical books in other parts of the University Library, notably the Christie and Bullock collections ; those owned by the John Rylands Library are not listed, but the University Librarian, F. W. Ratcliffe, promises in his preface that "they may very well be incorporated," in an forthcoming History of Science catalogue, which would be a most desirable collaboration.

The collection now catalogued displays very suitable source material for the medical historian, since, as Dr Ratcliffe says, "the teaching of medicine in Manchester has always had an eye firmly on the past". The pioneer English physicians from Caius and Linacre to Willis and Sydenham are well represented, often in their first editions, though a few very famous books are sadly absent ; tacit indication of these gaps offers benefactors the chance to fill them. The great names of Italy and France are less illustriously represented, though most of their influential texts are present in their collected works. Dr Ratcliffe notes that he lacks the 1543 *Fabrica* of Vesalius, but besides two copies of the finer 1555 edition he holds its rare derivative, the English Geminus. Moreover there is rich variety of uncommon editions by secondary writers and from minor presses ranging from Sweden and Poland to Sicily and Spain.

The detailed cataloguing is very thorough and indexed for subjects and imprints ; most entries are supplied with references to comparable copies in the national catalogues or standard bibliographies. These useful signposts prompt the question whether it is economic to print so lavishly. Now that full bibliographic information is available at the library a short-title catalogue would have made the collection equally accessible and brought the price within the range of the students and scholars who need it most.

Postwar pioneer

JAMES MOUNTFORD :
Keele
An Historical Critique
332pp. Routledge and Kegan Paul. £4.

This is the official history of the University of Keele, commissioned to mark the twenty-first anniversary of its foundation. Its author, a former Vice-Chancellor of the University of Liverpool, has consulted the documents of the principal bodies whose decisions affected the founding and the early history of what began as the University College of North Staffordshire. The result, although perhaps a little dry, is an important contribution to the history of university education in this country since the Second World War. For the place of Keele in that history is crucial, indeed unique. The only university foundation to emerge in the immediate postwar years, and the first to be allowed to award its own degrees and shape its own syllabus from the beginning, its early history provides an insight into the means by which it was possible to bring about innovation in the age before our present preoccupations had become dominant.

For there can be no doubt that the late 1940s and 1950s belonged to an age that is past, and that the University of Keele was shaped by the interplay of forces very different from those that led to the creation of the universities of the 1960s. It was in no sense created in response to a demand for additional student places. On the contrary, it was founded in spite of the view, held by almost everybody at the time, that the expansion of existing university colleges was the most satisfactory way to increase the output of university graduates. The fact that it was not expected to make a significant contribution to the problem of student numbers is fundamental to any understanding of the new university. It left it free to give priority to quite other considerations.

Because Keele came to stand for educational innovation, it comes as a shock to discover that the original ideas of its sponsors were those of many another founder of civic universities, i.e. to concentrate on the technology of the local industries and to build on the existing work in adult education with its emphasis on social studies. The difference between these original concepts and what ultimately characterized the new foundation is a measure of the flexibility with which Lord Lindsay and those near him were able to respond to the new ideas of the immediate postwar years and adopt them as their own.

The founding of Keele was an act of faith, not least in the willingness of the University Grants Committee to finance a university college that was committed to innovation in the curriculum. Like all acts of faith it earned the opposition of the established powers, as represented in the Committee of Vice-Chancellors, and owed its realization to the courage of a few individuals. It was the decision of the UGC under Sir Walter Moberley to commit the Treasury to an educational experiment, provided it could find at least one university to sponsor it, that proved decisive. In the end, Oxford, Birmingham and Manchester all participated in the sponsorship that enabled the university college to award its own BA degree. But for the role played by Roy Pascal of Birmingham in overcoming academic caution this might never have happened.

The leading features of the new university, its four-year curriculum, its broad-based first year, its residential character, would have been unacceptable except on the assumption that Keele was small and involved merely an insignificant commitment of public money. It was from this that the later tribulations of the university sprang. Having financed it on an exceptional basis, the UGC, particularly after Sir Walter's retirement, was reluctant to supply the additional funds which alone would give scope to the ambitions of those who had created the place. Founded on a shoe-string in a climate of financial stringency, the university was in the unfortunate position that its fundamental features marked it out as especially privileged. It was therefore vulnerable to the sort of cost-comparisons to which the UGC increasingly resorted. Something of the querulous tone which characterized the policy-makers at Keele, as they found their ambitions being gradually thwarted, has also found its way into the book. To those who had committed the act of faith the calculations of the UGC were bound to appear frustrating. Although fundamentally favoured by the very terms of the university's commitment to a four-year course and by the residential nature of the place, Keele repeatedly felt itself unfairly treated by those who made national policy in the 1960s. The pressure to conform to national norms, with stagnation as the only alternative, led first to a modification of the residential nature of the university, and is about to lead to the abandonment of the "Foundation Year" for at least a proportion of the science intake.

Ultimately the importance of the University of Keele depends on the validity of its educational concepts. But these should not be too rigidly interpreted. The commitment to an introductory year to be spent in liberating students from A-level specialisms led to a constant re-appraisal of the syllabus. So did the later stages of the work with their emphasis on a spread of subjects across the line dividing the natural sciences from the rest. The fact that Lindsay survived the founding of the college by barely two years and gave no written form to his ideas has provided the university with an orthodoxy capable of great elasticity in interpretation. Some of the greatest advantages of the Keele approach—e.g. the chance given to students by the Foundation Year to change their minds about the subjects they wished to study—were never contemplated by the founder. Certainly not all the characteristics of the Keele curriculum proved equally acceptable, but by being given freedom to experiment Keele has served later universities well.

The liveliest chapter in the book draws on the views of those who have been associated with the university as students, staff and external examiners. It records the remarkable degree of appreciation which the university obtained from its own graduates for what they received there, not least for the controversial Foundation Year. Opinions expressed by the academic profession were far more divided, ranging from warm appreciation of the Keele students' ability to sustain an argument to reservations, mainly by scientists, about the viability of a two-subject honours course.

It must be confessed that W. H. Gallie's book, *A New University : A. D. Lindsay and the Keele Experiment* (1960), caught the spirit of the venture in its very early days in which this official history cannot rival. But by the care with which the material is presented, and by the longer span of its perspective it can claim to be an important contribution to the social and political history of higher education in our time.

European pioneer

A. D. C. PETERSON :
The International Baccalaureate
An Experiment in International Education.
181pp. Harrap. £2.60.

The examinations taken at the end of school life serve many purposes. They are a selective process for universities and other institutions of higher learning, and for the professions. They also mark school achievement, and indicate ways of structuring and organizing the curriculum of the secondary schools.

One of the consequences of the United Kingdom's accession to the Common Market will presumably be a growing movement of population between this country and our European allies. The result is that, unless the children are sent to boarding school, they will go to school in the host country and will prepare for entry to its universities, while they may wish to go to university in their country of origin. Part of the problem is to secure an international school-leaving examination for university entrance purposes.

A. D. C. Peterson formed the International Baccalaureate to do just this, and in his fascinating book he shows how difficult such an innovation is to establish. He set up this complicated new system, which is already achieving widespread international recognition, while maintaining a full-time post at the University of Oxford, and on a very small budget.

The International Baccalaureate is particularly attracted to the growing number of international schools, a movement which deserves to be encouraged. It is ironical, for example, that despite the passionate advocacy of the European Economic Community in this country a serious stumbling-block to the recruitment of British subjects to work in Brussels is the Community's organization of the education of their children. It might be thought that such enthusiastic Europeans would welcome the opportunity of sending their children to an international school in Brussels, or attending French-speaking or even Flemish-speaking schools there. Far from it ; they demand the payment of fees at the minor public schools in England for which their offspring are usually destined. The international schools that can be established on the more ad hoc basis we shall feel encouraged to trust our children's education to the hands of foreigners, just as we have all been exhorted to trust our economic and social future to them.

But Mr Peterson has done far more than make this breakthrough ; he has used the International Baccalaureate in order to demonstrate the difference between the widely-based sixth-form curriculum which prevails in Europe and the narrow-based A-level curriculum in England and Wales. Also, it has introduced a considerable number of innovations in examination technique : for example, oral examinations in subjects other than languages, a series of "yes or no" answers to factual questions, and so on. As such, it is a fascinating example of practical reform which has gone considerably further than the long series of discussions which have been held by the Schools Council. Anyone interested in Europe and in education will find Mr Peterson's book extremely useful, and it is to be hoped that it will have a wide influence here and elsewhere.

John Hajnal's *The Student Revolt* (288pp. Penguin. Paperback. 30p) is subtitled "A Critique of University and Sixth-form Curricula" and described by the author as "a polemic" written "out of exasperation". The main force of his attack is directed against early and excessive specialization at school and in the situation at university, the elaborate system of grades, honours awards distributed on the basis of rigidity and artificiality of written examinations, the gap between the two cultures and its effect on society. The battle is carried within the existing system, and Hajnal does not take into account the more fundamental points raised by the radical student movement and the de-schoolers, but so far as it goes his book amounts to a serious and useful analysis of the present complacency about our educational system.

The other Victorians

GEOFFREY SERLE :
The Rush to be Rich
A History of the Colony of Victoria, 1883-1889.
392pp. Melbourne University Press (US$53). £4.65.

Selected Letters of Hubert Murray
Edited by Francis West.
255pp. Oxford University Press. £3.75.

HAZEL KING :
Richard Bourke
312pp. Oxford University Press. £6.25.

Nine years ago Geoffrey Serle came into prominence in the Australian literary and historical world with the publication of his prize-winning book *The Golden Age*. That book succeeded in satisfying both the academics and the general reader. It belonged to the great tradition of history as a branch of literature. With the publication in Melbourne this year of *The Rush to be Rich* he has consolidated and improved that reputation.

For reasons which he sets out clearly in his preface Mr Serle decided, at this stage, not to explore in any depth the period between 1861 and 1882—the period known to the university teachers of history as a no-man's-land, and to the schoolboy as the time for those town-makers, the land laws and constitutional deadlock. In a brief prologue Mr Serle sketches the political setting to the period between 1883 and 1889, which he explores in detail.

Mr Serle's method is to take his material by topics : Politics, Economics, Religion, Nationality, Migrants, Native-born and Irish Australians, and the high boom years ending in the Close of an Era in 1889. In a narrative history the reader is like a viewer in a cinema : the narrator tells him what the characters are doing and what they are saying to each other ; but Mr Serle's method is to stop the reel and examine still-life shots in some detail. And it must be said that he manages by great skill to avoid overlapping and repetition. Although the prophets of old denounced colonial politics as dreary bread-and-butter issues, Mr Serle manages both to separate the politics from the economics and not to be dull about either. Nor does the work suffer in its overall impact because the author has cut the picture of the past into pieces. Again by great skill and by an awareness of his self-imposed handicap, Mr Serle gives his work some general impact also.

The Rush to be Rich is distinguished also by three novelties in the author's vision of the Australian past. Most historical writing in that country since the work by Eric O'Brien and Brian Fitzpatrick has tended to make the working classes the heroes and the middle classes or capitalists the villains in a melodrama enacted against the background of a harsh and uncouth land. Mr Serle's heroes are the middle classes—and, sound secular humanist that he is, he has no villains, no picture of men tainted by some great evil or some ancient wrong, and no sense of a people stricken by their convict past. Other "historians", from the cultural chauvinism of the turn of the century to the Mnoists in the student protest groups, have taken the native-born as their heroes, and the immigrants, the New Chinese and the New Australians as "mugs" or "villains" until their transformation into "Dinkum Aussies". Mr Serle is much more sympathetic to the migrant as a creative force in the history of this country.

The third novelty is his Victorian patriotism. Only incurable romantics would subscribe to Mitchell's point in a Henry Lawson story, "I tell you that New South Wales is Australia". Mr Serle is too wise, too cautious and too full of common sense to suggest that Victoria is Australia, but he seems to be arguing that anyone who wrote the history of Australia between 1883 and 1889 would need to take Victoria in general and Melbourne in particular as their centre. Even if such a work does take the steam out of the Victorian patriots, this cannot detract from the value and authority of what Mr Serle has done. For whereas all previous generalizations by historians and literary historians on those years were little more than interesting guesses, now, thanks to Mr Serle, it is no longer permissible to guess about Victoria ; he has charted in detail what was before very much a journey without maps.

It is appropriate to link the edition of the letters of Hubert Murray with Mr Serle's work on Victoria, not only because these letters have been preceded, as was Mr Serle's work, by another volume—in this case the monumental life of Murray by the editor of the letters, Francis West – but because Murray was one of those high-minded public servants in the first forty years of this century who devoted their lives to repairing the damage done by the free-enterprise men and the social Darwinians of Mr Serle's "quick-quid" men. The facts of Murray's life have been set out clearly in the West biography.

In the letters Murray gives the reader some of his own views of the world in the period when he was frittering away his talents as a lawyer in Sydney and during his long stay in New Guinea. Murray belonged to one of the families of Irish landed gentry who planted civilization in the Australian bush ; his brother was the distinguished classical scholar Gilbert Murray, and he was related by marriage to the historian Arnold Toynbee. But for a man of his background and influence Murray did not give very much of himself in his letters. Like many other Irish gentleman in that country his father had lived, as it were, on champagne when his income could scarcely provide beer. It may be that the disgrace of the financial failure of his father shut him up as tight as an oyster. It may be that his own capers with the bottle so saddened and soured him for life that when he came to write he was excessively careful not to lift the lid on that Pandora's Box. It may be that his experience with women deepened that wound, and persuaded him that it was best for a man of his gifts and responsibilities to be taciturn ; because if he were to risk showing his views he may only hear those years of ridicule and disapproval which had first assailed him in the days when he looked for the truth of life in the bottom of a whisky glass. For his own vision of life was bleak. Just before he died he wrote to his daughter : "It is a weary world and I often wish that I were out of it - but perhaps the next one will be worse."

Hazel King's *Richard Bourke* earns a place next to Mr Serle's Victoria and Mr West's Murray ; the subject of her biography presided over New South Wales in those years (1831-7) when many of those themes and events which were to weigh on the brain of Victorians and the men of Murray's generation first made their appearance in history. Just after Bourke left the country there was the first confrontation between the Australians and the immigrants. In a sense one of the great differences between New South Wales and the rest of Australia is that it has been more influenced by the native-born than the immigrants, while the rest are very much immigrant-influenced communities. What Bourke tried to do was to preside over the change from a convict to a free community, and set that movement on its way. It is perhaps unfortunate that Miss King did not explore the part played by Wentworth during those years, because some time during the Bourke period, he, Australia's greatest native son, lost touch with the people and walked into the night. But Miss King quietly gives us so much that it seems ungracious to ask for more.

Underdevelopment and overdevelopment

PETER HASTINGS (Editor) :
Papua/New Guinea
Prospero's Other Island.
226pp plus 79 plates. Angus and Robertson. £6.

ROBERT WENKAM :
Maui
The Last Hawaiian Place.
196pp. Allen and Unwin. £10.50.

Here are the two extreme ends of the Pacific made visually vivid. Looking at both illustration-loaded books one after the other makes it difficult to remember that Papua/New Guinea and Hawaii, as different as Afghanistan from Paraguay, are in the same geographic entity.

These messages are poles apart. Papua/New Guinea's now fashionable cry is for development, more of it and yet more. The interest of the work on the Hawaiian island of Maui is its plea for development not only to stop but to be put in reverse, for conservation of the little of the elemental Hawaii still capable of being preserved.

A dozen chapters on the multifaceted past and present of the huge island of New Guinea, including some of them on its future where the facets will plainly be no fewer, put Peter Hastings's *Papua/New Guinea* among the clearest and most comprehensive surveys of these territories yet produced. Its price is no doubt due to its eighty pictures, all in colour, leaving no vital part of the island his emillustrated.

One of its two main objects, a summary of conditions and problems, is achieved in a treatment not too academic, not too journalistic. The second aim, that of illustrating differences between the indigenous and Australian attitudes, is authoritatively realized. One of the most revealing and quite the most original of the contributions is by Oala-Rarua, a Papuan member of the House of Assembly ; his view of Europeans is a shade jejune and naive. While he does well to point to the confusion caused by the taking "Whose God? There seem many"—he is less than fair in not giving credit to Australian courage in most trying terrain.

It is behind his contribution that the background of this story really lies : an Australian examination of conscience about its skill in stewardship, its quality of leadership, its degree of selfishness, in its relations with its vast neighbour since about the 1880s. Belatedly, and only after the Second World War, Australia has recognized that the indigenous people could rise above being the messengers or low-grade clerks in Government and commerce that Oala-Rarua complains about.

The importance of this self-examination is of course the imminence of independence for Papua/New Guinea. This sensible parading of the atmosphere, potentialities and problems, not without their paradoxical sides, leaves unmistakable doubts whether the territory will be ready to look after itself, not through its own fault, but mostly through Australia being short in imagination and realism until it has been mainly too late. In some respects, the earliest British administration of Papua from the 1880s to the First World War (Sir William Macgregor, the subject of a biography by R. B. Joyce about to be published, stands out in the history), when Australia took over, was superior in intuitive judgment and handling to anything that Australia has shown until recently. That it should have taken so long to have opened Australia's eyes to its responsibilities for a huge segment of the world requires some explaining. In extenuation, it must be said that taking on the second largest island in the world, having only 2 million people but with a thousand or so languages (as many as those of the 1,500 million people of the whole of Asia) was no sinecure. In further extenuation, Australia, itself overlarge, has also had to concentrate very much on its own progress and indeed survival.

But with its inescapable responsibility Australia has seemed never to think it worth looking at the experience of English administrators in so many successful erstwhile colonies, experts who have all known the problems of indigenous peoples—the pull away from villages to settlement in towns, the dichotomy of native views about preservation of customs, the challenge of money economy to that of subsistence, the development of resources up to a stage where not too much of the essential character evaporates for ever. These social, political and economic headaches have been pondered over for years in the now extinct Empire : much was learnt. Just as it has barely acknowledged New Guinea's existence, Australia has yet to acknowledge the wealth of experience that it could cull from this country to ease the furrows of its young brow. Mr Hastings's survey, admirably and conscientiously done, almost falls into the same attitude of "isolated we are, alone we must work it out". Its one shortcoming is that, like the government involved, it could have looked wider for ideas and inspiration for the solutions that Papua/New Guinea is going to need—and need quickly.

In its text, *Papua/New Guinea* has more scope for versatility than *Maui*, which is completely concerned to attract attention, before it is too late, to the possibility of keeping a small section of the second largest island in the Hawaiinn Archipelago as recognizable as it might have been a century ago. Hawaii's undoing in some respects has been that, although not too close to the American coastline, it has nevertheless been too easy to reach and especially during a period of history, unlike Australia's, when America was in a position to reach out.

Charles A. Lindbergh in his introduction warns of the disappearance of beauty and naturalness in much of Hawaii : he pleads for the extension of National Parks. Only small parts of the island off Maui represent the last true wilderness of old Hawaii : its native forest remains almost completely free of introduced plants and animals established otherwise all around it. The tragedy is that the plea for preservation cannot include the Hawaiian person or settlement which have long since gone.

Worthy as this book is in its cause and as part of the Earth's Wild Places in the "Friends of the Earth" series, much of the textual presentation is disorganized with a nebulosity which extends to the sixty-one illustrations, breathtakingly beautiful but maddeningly without captions. For example, the marvellous whiter-than-white flower with the gold interior is left to be known by its name frangipani only to the few who know their tropical flora, unhelped by this work.

Last from the Islands

ARTHUR GRIMBLE :
Migrations, Myth and Magic from the Gilbert Islands
Edited by Rosemary Grimble.
316pp. Routledge and Kegan Paul. £6.

Rosemary Grimble is the daughter of Sir Arthur Grimble, our chief authority on the Gilbert Islands, whose books, *A Pattern of Islands* (1952) and *Return to the Islands* (1957), constitute, with the present volume, the fullest and most reliable —almost the only—record of this Micronesian group, a chain of thirteen coral islands lying on both sides of the Equator to the north-east of New Guinea. In this book she has put together unpublished papers and notes left by her father, mingled, in the most attractive manner, with her own childhood memories. She was the first white baby to be born on Tarawa Island, while her sister Joan, born on Ocean Island (adjacent to but not strictly part of the Gilbert group), was the first white child the islanders had ever seen. Her illustrations—line drawings in black-and-white of scenery, people, plants, animals and artefacts—can without exaggeration be described as superb.

An officer in the Colonial Service, Grimble spent in all twenty-two years on the Islands, learnt the language, and came to know the people in every aspect of their lives. "He had that rare gift for putting people at their ease by never for one moment letting it appear that that was what he was doing."

Convinced that they came from the west, from an area which had enjoyed a higher civilization, Grimble "was impressed by repeated references in their myths to a fair-skinned breed of giants who made great voyages across the Pacific". Some of the recent pronouncements on the subject, notably Thor Heyerdahl's *Sea Routes to Polynesia*, "would have pleased him very much. He never questioned the proposition that rafts from Peru could have reached the Pacific Islands, bringing new cultures with different traditions ; he simply believed that they were not the first."

Grimble's intense interest in myth and ritual is reflected in this book, as its title suggests. He visited all the islands and made a special study of these aspects of the culture. "Ritual and words are equally important, one being considered senseless for good or evil without the other." The first chapter is devoted to ritual and spells, the second to creation and origin myths, with comparative data from other groups. Later chapters tell the story of the Gilbert Islanders from birth to death, together with the appropriate myths, dealing especially with the olden days, pieced together from what could be learned from the older people who remembered rites no longer practised and were willing to talk to someone they knew to be their friend and who spoke their language.

This book is not only a worthy memorial to Arthur Grimble, but also a very notable contribution to our knowledge of the Pacific Islands in general and the Gilbert Islands in particular. The publishers deserve a word of thanks for their end-papers, which provide a useful map of the Pacific Ocean, showing the direction of winds and currents, and bird migration routes.

مكتبة منيرة الأصل

The sack of Heaven

JEAN MALAQUAIS:
Sören Kierkegaard
Foi et paradoxe
316pp. Paris: Union Générale d'Editions. 5.70fr.

In this short and lively account of Kierkegaard's faith, Jean Malaquais has given us a "Saint Kierkegaard, comédien et martyr" in the contemporary hagiographical tradition of Sartre's *Saint Genet, Comédien et martyr*. "Comme le Goetz de Sartre", he writes,

> Il [Kierkegaard] chercherа, en payant de sa personne, à mettre le Seigneur au pied du mur. Puisque le Christianisme se veut une éthique et un message existentiels pour hommes existants, lui Kierkegaard jouera le jeu. Il perdra—et ce n'est pas lui qui a triché.

That, in a nutshell, is Kierkegaard's "spiritual adventure" which M Malaquais holds to be "among the very highest": a story of rebellion, "un excès de révolte", fired by a Promethean will to suck Heaven and place the guilt fairly and squarely on its Lord.

As an analysis of the moral and intellectual crisis of Kierkegaard's youth, the book is not without value. For once, Kierkegaard's revolt is given its full forces and depth, and is not weakened and reduced by tame psychological explanations: M Malaquais will have nothing to do with the repeated attempts to discover the little "secret" which, once penetrated, would explain all—with the hypothesis of a visit, while drunk, to a brothel. He takes the "revolt" with all the seriousness desirable. Like his father before him, Kierkegaard "stood on a boulder on the wind-swept heath and cursed God". But in asking the reader to accept Kierkegaard's own philosophical-existential interpretation of his revolt—written some years later, after the breaking of his engagement—as an account of his whole spiritual adventure, M Malaquais is asking a good deal. Did nothing happen to deflect his mind, and did Kierkegaard remain for the rest of his life at the same point?

M Malaquais is therefore committed to denying that Kierkegaard was "converted"—like many other commentators. At only two moments in his life, we are told, in 1835 and again six years later at the time of his engagement, did Kierkegaard act, decide, choose. For the rest of his life he was condemned to stifle slowly to death in the airless atmosphere of reflection unventilated by action. He died, as he said of the suicide, not with deliberation but from deliberation—in strict accord with the teaching of the Master: "Il est des situations", Sartre is quoted as saying, "qu'on ne peut que subir, mais subir est impossible parce que l'homme se définit par l'acte; . . . réduit à l'impuissance, l'agent devient acteur."

One Confucius at a time is no doubt a tried recommendation; one Kierkegaard at a time is a dangerous recipe. It is a great pity that M Malaquais's exceptional knowledge of the sources should have been so narrowly focused as to reduce Kierkegaard's polyphonic existence in reflection to a single monotone chant, so that he rules out the possibility of and disregards the striking modulation which takes place between 1846 and 1848 and that ends in a wholly new key. As a result, the theme of the Journal proper (from 1846 on) is ignored—Kierkegaard's task, vocation and destiny—which carries forward the decision of 1835, so that Kierkegaard can be seen moving into the historical debates of his own day, and acting (not acting a part) in them. This is achieved by selecting Kierkegaard's statements about faith and paradox in such a way that "faith" is defined in terms taken from Johannes de Silentio and Johannes Climacus—not in the terms of the Journal itself or of the religious works dating from *after* 1848.

Even M Malaquais has to concede that a change took place—and whether, for the moment, it is called "conversion" or not is unimportant. He writes that Kierkegaard, having been a zealous practitioner of the "indirect socratic method" was "later converted" to the direct form. He recognizes, too, that Kierkegaard having been an exponent of the "hidden inwardness" of the Knight of Faith, came after 1848 to regard it as the error of Lutheran Christianity. These changes were not in Kierkegaard's view insignificant or even minor, but were intimately linked to "the metamorphosis" of 1848 and a change in his whole being. The direct "attack on Christendom", as M Malaquais notes, is "brutally explicit".

Yet the last pamphlets and the long polemic so circumspectly prepared in the Journal proper are forced, like everything else in Kierkegaard's work, into the same mould and made to reveal him in a lurid, Hoffmannesque light, forcing God back against the wall at the point of his flashing, dialectical sword. The whole concrete historical context, the political and social revolution of 1848, the disestablishment of the State Church, the "reforms" of the liturgy, the seat of authority, the role of tradition, the perennial conflict between orthodoxy and piedism, all these and other questions are simply ignored. It even appears as though M Malaquais had misread the meaning of the *Moral* added in 1855 to *Judge for Yourselves* (1851).

In 1851, Kierkegaard had been for three years the central figure in what Geismar calls the most important theological controversy in Denmark in the nineteenth century; and what he said, in conclusion, is almost painfully obvious and even banal: there is no point in disestablishing the Church, there is no point in "reforming" Christianity beginning at the outside, from the periphery, and endlessly discussing the institutional, liturgical and dogmatic aspects of Christianity. He did not want what is jokingly called *aggiornamento*, but reform from the heart, from the spiritual centre. And that is why in the end he concentrated his fire on a single point: what M Malaquais, with presumably affected innocence, calls his "mysterious 'witness'". There is nothing mysterious about "the witness to the truth" as Kierkegaard or anyone else uses it. The witness is the martyr or saint, and "the chain of witnesses" is the living chain of tradition. The idea emerges in *The Present Age* in 1846 quite clearly and leads on to the final denouement.

Very early on in his book, M Malaquais, not content with denying Kierkegaard's conversion, asserts that moments such as the well-known "experience" of May 1838, when a sense of deep joy and calm triumphed over his melancholy reflection, become more and more exceptional as time goes on. But this totally gloomy Dane is not the figure revealed by the Journals where, certainly, there is no attempt to conceal the melancholy that is the concomitant of reflection. As P. A. Heiberg's detailed [illegible] Journal plainly shows, the "the history of a cure [illegible] Angst *to* faith", and this [illegible] tiated by those who [illegible] gaard best: Emil Boesen, [illegible] chner and Henriette Lund [illegible] all tell the same story.

M Malaquais has [illegible] self with one end of the [illegible] with the "revolt", the [illegible] Christianity, with "the [illegible] and mysterious explosive [illegible] gion" with which [illegible] began. But he has turned [illegible] its dialectical obverse, [illegible] ject of the Journal: [illegible] meaning, and possibly [illegible] "new birth". The real [illegible] decision is to avoid the [illegible] for Kierkegaard was absolutely [illegible] cial, so that the analysis [illegible] "faith and paradox" [illegible] the psychoanalytical [illegible] August Vetter (*Frömmigkeit Leidenschaft*) and on the [illegible] behind Gerd-Günther Gr[illegible] *Selbstauflösung des Chri[illegible]*

In Vetter's elegant [illegible] the great question is exa[illegible] more fruitful perspective [illegible] of the existential christ[illegible] as paradox". To Vetter [illegible] gaard is the man who [illegible] carry Kant's moral analy[illegible] so that not duty alone [illegible] *Trieb. Leidenschaft* [illegible] source of *Frömmigkeit*. [illegible] Though Vetter would [illegible] conversion, he sees Kierk[illegible] grafting Freud on to Ki[illegible] too, is only one Kierke[illegible] nearer to the man as he [illegible]

"The nearer the Christ[illegible] ther from God". M [illegible] begins by inscribing o[illegible] What he means is "the fa[illegible] God the nearer to Kier[illegible] How many of the reade[illegible] Journal are going to believe

The datum and its development

JAN HENDRIK WALGRAVE:
Unfolding Revelation
418pp. Hutchinson. £6.

Among the more baffling problems in Christian theology, the question of the development of doctrine ranks very high. It is therefore appropriate that in the new batch of volumes in the "Theological Resources" series one should be devoted to this important issue. Furthermore, we may welcome the fact that the preparation of this work has been entrusted to Jan Walgrave, the distinguished Belgian Dominican theologian whose earlier book *Newman the Theologian* has won for him a deserved reputation as an historian and an interpreter of ideas.

Unfolding Revelation has a special value because, like others in the new series, it takes account both of Protestant and Catholic thought—and also, in fact, of Eastern Orthodox writing; it includes a section on Soloviev, the Russian lay theologian of the last century. The historical material is well digested, and the style is good. Indeed, one cannot too highly commend this thorough and careful study, not least for its balanced and sane concluding remarks in which Fr Walgrave states his own position.

The problem with which *Unfolding Revelation* is concerned may be simply stated. How can a revelation of God, given in a particular historical time and place, be open to the development which inevitably takes place with the passage of time, without either being itself watered down to some merely incidental event or interpreted in such a fashion that later changes or growth in understanding become at best merely logical implications and at worst, irrelevant and perhaps heretical addenda? This is the issue with which Fr Walgrave is concerned. But associated with this central theme are many related questions: How is revelation to be understood in the first place? What is a dogma? What can we mean by continuity of development? How do the relativities of circumstance affect what we like to call "the truth"? Fr Walgrave finds help in his study by laying much stress on tradition. By this he means "a process of living continuity". In the course of which "new aspects of the reality in which faith is living come into sight". The task of the theologian is "to formulate and to face honestly the problems that constantly arise from the encounter of faith and reason, or established dogmas and the discoveries of science, or the products of man's restless intelligence". But precisely because he belongs to a living tradition, the theologian must begin with some given datum; he must centre his attention upon that which, as the tradition affirms, God has done in the only sphere we men can know, which is the realm of historical event. His work is part of the tradition's effort to maintain its distinctive stance of faith as this is necessarily "incarnated and reincarnated in human culture".

In Part Two, the author outlines the way in which what he styles "Christian self-understanding" developed during the patristic and medieval periods. The early apologists, St Irenaeus, Tertullian, Origen, the post-Nicene Greek Fathers, the Latin Fathers, St Thomas Aquinus, St Bonaventure are among those who come under review. Fr Walgrave cleverly compresses his material into some seventy pages, with adequate quotation and comment to make clear the *fact* of development, even if that fact later came to be interpreted as but "logical" implication. Part Three carries on from there. "Logical theories", found in most official theological textbooks of orthodoxy, are examined and found wanting; so also are "transformistic theories" which represented the reaction to that logical type, by pietism, Protestant liberalism, Roman Catholic Modernism, and various contemporary writers (here Paul van Buren receives careful attention and severe criticism for his reduction of faith to a pale reflection of prevalent positivistic ideas). In the last chapter of Part Three, we begin to move towards the author's own "synthetic" position: Newman, Soloviev, Blondel, von Hügel, and (surprisingly perhaps) Karl Barth are all employed to assist in working out a theory of development which will stand up to criticism, maintain the continuity of faith in the given datum found in Scripture, and also allow for a genuine growth in the tradition.

In the final chapter, the position thus reached is given simpler statement and defended against objections. Here a non-Roman Catholic will wish to phrase things differently, perhaps, especially in respect to the frequent reference to ecclesiastical authority. Christianity is seen as a living movement in human history, affected by change quite as much as any other movement and necessarily requiring adjustment to new times, new perspectives, new knowledge. At the same time, there is something which persists, so that we can still speak meaningfully of the Christian tradition. Hence the continuous and inevitable appeal to the datum: the fact of Christ, with what preceded and prepared for it, as a distinctive activity of God in which the truth about deity, manhood, the world, and their relationships is declared. Yet this does not belong to the dead past, since it is precisely the function of the ongoing tradition to make it alive and revelatory in every present moment.

One significant question is not adequately considered or answered, however. In a way what Fr Walgrave is urging is that the development of doctrine is an instance of what St Vincent of Lerins called *[illegible] sed nove* (not new things in [illegible] way). But is it not the case [illegible] things are stated in a genuine[illegible] way" (as must take place [illegible] truth is to be made [illegible] something that is also "new" [illegible] is necessarily being introduced [illegible] could it be otherwise if God [illegible] speaking to the world [illegible] Christian tradition is really [illegible] with new situations in the light [illegible] knowledge? Even total abandonment [illegible] that tradition cannot escape [illegible] sibility. How then is it to be [illegible] And how is the normative [illegible] definitive, claim of the [illegible] revelation to be maintained [illegible] those circumstances? The [illegible] and must be done [illegible] a Christian believer: but [illegible]

Martyr among the Muslims

MARGARET TROUNCER:
Charles de Foucauld
214pp. Harrap. £3.60.

The life and death of Charles de Foucauld, the worldly French officer whose conversion was as dramatic as that of St Augustine, has already become legendary, though he died less than sixty years ago. The biographer's opportunities are obviously rich: the stuffy world of the French aristocracy at the end of the last century, the romantic appeal of the handsome officer who had an instinctive devotion to the army's traditions, the explorer of the North African desert, the consequences of his conversion in terms of solitude and a humanly impossible vocation among North African tribesmen, a death in solitude with apparently nothing achieved, the subsequent history and amazing development of the Little Brothers of Jesus which he had founded in his lifetime but which no one joined.

There are many ambiguities in the life and death of this extraordinary man. How far was his solitude wholly disinterested, for example? He evidently retained a fierce devotion to the French army and to the mission of France in North Africa, and it might be hard to prove that his death was that of a martyr, however fierce his mortifications or passionate his desire to win the Muslim world to Christ. Margaret Trouncer tells an already familiar story with a straightforward respect for the facts and with few attempts to interpret the many ambiguities of de Foucauld's life. There can be no question of the single-mindedness of his vocation, so hopeless as it seemed by any ordinary standards of fulfilment or success. And the meaning of the life of total fidelity to the Gospel in an alien land has borne fruit in the Little Brothers of Jesus, who today all over the world, in factories and in prisons, on the open seas and in an astonishing variety of hidden places, follow his example of bearing witness to the presence of Christ through love, with little concern for tangible results. An even larger number of Little Sisters of Jesus follow the same example, using the [illegible] ods based serenely on that [illegible] to the hidden presence of [illegible] the world.

Mrs Trouncer's narrative [illegible] and clear as it is, is marred [illegible] infelicities, such as [illegible] Abbé" as a translation [illegible] l'Abbé", as though one [illegible] "The Mr Smith", and [illegible] "Vicar" as the translation [illegible] aire", where "curate" [illegible] meant in current English [illegible] confuses the identity of S[illegible] Joseph Labre by describing [illegible] "St Jean-Benoit Labre" [illegible] French in origin and not [illegible] she implies. And one [illegible] marvel at the statement th[illegible] Abbé Huvelin (who [illegible] found an influence on de [illegible] is one of the few priests [illegible] confessed to human love" [illegible] constant theme of conside[illegible] who are reckoned saints a[illegible] Mrs Trouncer in this, and [illegible] other contexts, stresses [illegible] questioning of created [illegible] false to the authentic Chr[illegible] dition.

Muse to Gautier

Marie Mattei: Lettres à Théophile Gautier et à Louis de Cormenin
Edited by Eldon Kaye.
247pp. Geneva: Droz. 49.50fr.

"Ce grand méconnu"; so Adolphe Boschot defined Théophile Gautier nearly forty years ago; and the definition is largely valid today, a century after Gautier's death. In an age of prolific and versatile writers, "le bon Théo" was among the most prolific and the most versatile. Poet, author of ballets (including *Giselle*), travel-writer, novelist, he was also a journalist and critic. For thirty-five years, in *La Presse*, in *Le Moniteur universel*, in *Le Journal officiel*, in *L'Artiste*, in numerous ephemeral periodicals, he reviewed the theatre and the Salon, recorded topical events, discussed books and, on occasion, improvised an essay with verve, a style, and a sense of fantasy which were unmistakably his own. Since his death, he has fallen into limbo which he does not deserve. All that now remains of his work, for the general reader, are one collection of poems, *Emaux et Camées*, and two novels, *Mademoiselle de Maupin* and *Le Capitaine Fracasse*. There is still only one comprehensive critical biography of Gautier: Joanna Richardson's *Théophile Gautier: his Life and Times* (1959). Curiously enough, Eldon Kaye does not appear to have read it. One is also surprised that he does not provide a bibliography or an index in what is meant to be a work of scholarship.

However, the *gautériste* will read the book with fascination. Like all serious students of mid-nineteenth-century French literature, Mr Kaye has made his pilgrimage to Chantilly; he has studied the Lovenjoul collection at the Bibliothèque de l'Institut. He has brought back more than a hundred letters written by Marie Mattei, the muse of the travel book *Voyage en Italie* and of such poems as "Coquetterie posthume". With devoted persistence, he has traced her ancestry, the vicissitudes of her liaison with Gautier, and the remainder of her life.

Much of the genealogy seems unnecessary, but one is glad to learn the basic facts for the first time. Marie Mattei was born Louise-Aline-Wilhelmine Herckenroth, French through her mother, she was Roman and Corsican through her father—who was a chief inspector of customs. She was born at Perpignan in 1818. She herself gave the date as December 8, the day of the Immaculate Conception; and this was no doubt why she chose to call herself Marie. In 1836 she married Dominique Mattei; she referred to him as "mon terrible mari", and they separated within ten years. They had three daughters; the eldest, Marie-Cécile, died at the age of eleven; the younger ones were sent to school at the convent at Bastia. In 1849, within a few months of the death of her favourite child, Marie Mattei's life was abruptly changed: on a visit to London, she met Théophile Gautier.

He was thirty-six, romantically handsome (as the frontispiece to this book reminds us), and he was already a famous literary figure. His private life was complex and unsatisfactory; he had had a son by Eugénie Fort, and two daughters by the Italian contralto, Ernesta Grisi, who since 1844 had been his wife in everything but name. His liaison with Ernesta lasted more than two decades, it was sometimes turbulent, but it provided a background of domesticity. He was in fact in love, all his life, with her sister Carlotta, the ballerina, for whom he had written *Giselle*.

It is clear from Carlotta's letters that she felt an entirely platonic affection for him. Now, in the early summer of 1849, accustomed to (sometimes maddened by) Ernesta, recognizing that his love for Carlotta was unrequited, Gautier met Marie Mattei. She was thirty: blue-eyed, elegant, passionate, and made all the more attractive by the sense of an unhappy past. On October 15, in Paris, their liaison began. It continued in Venice the following summer and autumn, in Paris in the spring and summer of 1851, and again in the first months of 1852; it ended in the summer of 1852, with Gautier's departure for the Middle East. He was to rejoin Ernesta and their younger daughter Estelle.

All passion was spent. Marie could not bear the role of unacknowledged mistress, the persistent thought of such rivals as Alice Ozy. She was, above all, haunted by the thought of the absent Ernesta. As she explained to Louis de Cormenin, her confidant and go-between:

> Si Gautier passe la nuit chez moi ou même la soirée, seul, je suis obligée de changer d'hôtel. Convenez que pour peu de temps, c'est bête. Il faut aller chez lui? Mais c'est là que je vous attends, et à moins d'avoir ni âme, ni cœur, ni conscience, ni peau, croyez-vous qu'on peut arriver à ce point lit rouge sans traverser l'autre chambre, et fêter le lit vide d'une autre, sans être piqué par des milliers d'épingles? Laissez-moi vous le dire enfin, en traversant cette chambre, j'ai éprouvé cette sensation des voleurs qui tirent des mouchoirs. J'ai eu une honte à en mourir, et j'ai compris le mot d'adultère qui fait rire et qui est vrai. Oui, au risque de me heurter partout, je ne pouvais plus marcher le long de ce lit sans fermer les yeux, et j'ai souffert cet hiver d'une manière visible. Gautier sait tout cela, autant et plus que moi; il a vu le charme amer que j'ai éprouvé en acceptant ses petits déjeuners; mais je vous assure que toute ma vie je les aurai sur le cœur!

She and Gautier were to meet again as established friends; they wrote to each other, it seems, for many years. His letters to her were, apparently, destroyed; the last of her published letters to him was sent from Constantinople in 1870. Since their liaison ended, she had sought relief and happiness in piety and in constant travel. She went from Baden to Heidelberg, to Frankfurt and Cologne, to Malta and Egypt, and she wanted to go to India. In 1865 she arrived in Syria; in 1869 she lived in Turkey. She died in Nice in 1902, thirty years after Gautier's death; she was destitute, and she was buried in the communal grave.

Her letters show no literary style, no uncommon sensibility; written in a sometimes Italianate French, they reveal intense physical passion. Marie Mattei was sexually enthralled by Gautier—yet it is equally clear that she had a pronounced lesbian tendency. She discussed it frankly with the author of *Mademoiselle de Maupin*; and, indeed, one wonders if he did not find it an additional attraction. One might infer from some of his letters that Ernesta, too, was bisexual.

At the end of the present book, Mr Kaye reprints the poems written in honour of Marie Mattei. Among them is "Musée secret", the splendid erotic poem which was withdrawn from the first edition of *Emaux et Camées*. It was openly published, for the first time, after Gautier's death, by his son-in-law Emile Bergerat, and, in his *Histoire des œuvres de Théophile Gautier*, Lovenjoul gives numerous variants. A copy of the poem, in Gautier's hand, was also among the papers of Claudius Popelin, recently auctioned. This differs in several instances from the Bergerat version, which Mr Kaye reprints. The Popelin papers also included a shorter version of Gautier's unfortunate poem "L'Epouseur de famille".

Mr Kayo earned our gratitude, some years ago, by editing the lively *Journal* of Xavier Marmier. His new work is a welcome and original contribution to Gautier studies.

oet and prankster

RI THOMAS:
phan le dépossédé
pp. Paris: Gallimard. 18fr.

oems, says Henri Thomas, that one generation is called upon to re- ver certain nineteenth-century ench poets, to see in them some- only visible to that generation. ain Corbière is a prime example. Romaix speaks of "cette étrange té qui donne à toute son œuvre remissement si particulier, une ion pleine de surprises". Al- gh there are plenty of observa- on Corbière's language, his is not a technical study in the r of Albert Sonnenfeld or tian Angelet. It is much more sonal meditation designed to ngel Corbière's special kind of issement"—a word reminis- of Hugo's famous comment on *Fleurs du mal*—for the benefit the cultivated general reader r than the specialist.

was common practice at one een Corbière's poems with and Breton settings, to praise Breton poems and neglect the M Thomas will have none of is insistent on the unity of the *ours jaunes*. Its structure can bardly be compared to the "architecture" of the *Fleurs du mal*, but the care with which Corbière arranged his seven sections shows that as surely as Baudelaire he intended his work to be a good deal more than a "mere collection of verse": There is no way of dating the bulk of the poems with any certainty, but it is clear that they were not arranged in chronological order and that the different sections correspond to different phases of his experience. M Thomas dwells on the turbulence of most of these phases, but rightly emphasizes the ultimate transition from "Ça?" which he calls an "étrange bouquet de ronces au seuil du livre", to the "magique apaisement" of "Rondels pour après" and the neatness with which "La Cigale et le poète" at the end of the work looks back to "Le Poète et la cigale" at the beginning.

What also deserves emphasis is the unity of the man and the poet. The sardonic mood of the poetry, the use of a language which has been classified as "dépoétisation" and the innumerable *calembours* are matched by the extraordinary pranks of a man who visited a brothel wearing a bishop's mitre, terrified the good people of Roscoff by letting off a gun outside the church while they were hearing mass and was fond of giving his sailing companions a ducking. All this is linked to his distressing physical appearance which he caricatured mercilessly, not simply in the poems but in the drawings he did of himself, deliberately producing one of the most frightening of them to serve as the frontispiece for the first edition of the *Amours jaunes*.

The completeness of the unity is painful in the sense that during his lifetime Corbière appears to have been a total misfit or, to use M Thomas's word, a "dépossédé" in every walk of life. His relentless attacks on the Romantics led to the creation of a new language which turned him into a great and original poet who was to be a major influence on writers as different as Eliot, Pound and the Surrealists. His tragedy lies in the fact that in his lifetime his poetry went unnoticed, that he was disappointed in love, was prevented by ill-health from inking up his father's career as a seaman, and emerged as little better than a *farceur*. The "magique apaisement" of the last section of the *Amours jaunes* turns out to be a sign of resignation—defeat accepted by the misfit when he felt that his life was moving towards its end.

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Arrow (Hutchinson); Doubleday (Macmillan); Free Press (Collier-Macmillan); Hong Kong University Press (Oxford University Press); University (Methuen).

Inform-ation, please

Talbot Baines. 1852-1925, Editor Leeds *Mercury* 1886-1897: any correspondence or family papers, for a thesis.
D. M. Jones.
9 Ashwood Villas, Leeds 6.

Jeremy Bentham: any papers or materials concerning Bentham not as yet recorded by the committee, for the *Collected Works*.
J. H. Burns.
The Bentham Committee, University College London, Gower Street, London WC1.

Emanuel Carnevali, 1897-1942; Italian poet who lived in the United States from 1916-22 and wrote in English; any information or material, especially whereabouts of the papers of Dorothy Dudley Harvey and Ethel Moorhead, for a collected edition of poems and letters.
David Silvendor.
c/o Metropolitan Opera Association, Lincoln Center Plaza, New York, NY 10023, USA.

Children's Literature: any information from researchers on this subject or from anyone who knows of such research being done, for a list being compiled for the International Reading Association.
Rachel Potter.
Department of Education, The University, Sheffield S10 2TN.

William Johnson Cory, 1823-1892: any letters or unpublished information, for a biographical introduction to a selection of letters and prose.
Virginia Browne-Wilkinson.
Cole's Farm House, Chewton Mendip, Bath, Somerset BA3 4NU.

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College of Liberal Arts and Sciences, Department of English, Box 4348, Chicago, Illinois 60680, USA.

English Parish Churches: any anecdotes, reminiscences or references to published works concerning the place of the Parish Church in the lives of the English people, for the Historic Churches Preservation Trust's commemorative collection.
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The House of Commons, London SW1.

Alfred E. Hippisley, 1848-1938, of the Imperial Chinese Maritime Customs: information on any private papers, for a thesis.
Richard Schiamt.
51 Shephard Lane, Smithtown, NY 11787, USA.

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A. J. Anthony Morris.
215 Rugby Road, Leamington Spa, Warwickshire.

Richard Wagner: little known material on his life, work, and surroundings, for a comprehensive documentation.
Herbert Barth.
Bayreuther Festspiele, 8580 Bayreuth, Germany.

Charlotte M. Yonge: her letters to Anne Carter between 1854 and 1865, formerly in the possession of E. M. Delafield.
Barbara Dennis.
St Aidan's College, Durham.

Specialist Booksellers' Announcements

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W. FORSTER,
83a Stamford Hill, N.16
List 79
Miscellaneous in preparation

Books received

Arts and Crafts

ALTON, W. G. *Wooden Toys That You Can Make*. 96pp. Mills and Boon. £1.25.

This craft book is addressed to "those who are young enough to enjoy making toys". Instructions are given for making nearly thirty toys, including a roundabout, Noah's Ark, noughts and crosses and a garage. Measurements, diagrams and illustrations are included and the toys shown are very appealing, but some expertise is assumed: "The wash basin is faced and top drilled", "The wheels can be turned and drilled at 9mm."

KAMPMANN, LOTHAR. *The World of Puppets*. 80pp. Evans Brothers. £1.50.

This book is addressed to adults, and particularly to teachers who are reminded of the educational value of puppetry and methods of introducing work with puppets into school. The illustrations are exciting, the approach realistic, with recognition of the place of very simple hand puppets, made from handkerchiefs or odd scraps of material, as well as mask puppets and elaborate marionettes. A contents page and index would make the book much easier to use.

Aviation

CYNK, JERZY B. *History of the Polish Air Force*. 1918-1968. 307pp. Reading: Osprey. £5.

As Jerzy Cynk says, the Polish Air Force rose, phoenix-like, from its ashes three times during the fifty years of its existence. The wonder is that it took birth at all in 1918. During the two years after the end of the First World War, Poland was liberating herself piecemeal and each district that arose to reassert independence seized what aircraft and engines it could find and began making them fit to fly and organizing units to operate them. They actually had fifteen squadrons on duty in those liberation battles and used them with good effect, particularly against the Ukrainians. By 1923, the foundations of an aircraft industry had been laid. It had willed by 1936 and when the Second World War broke out the Air Force was largely equipped with obsolete aircraft, home-grown and foreign. During that war its members served with the RAF which, with the Russians, controlled the Polish Air Force until 1947. This book explains how the force rose again after every misfortune and provides a great deal of detail about units, aircraft and operations.

Biography and Memoirs

WALTERS, JOHN. *The Royal Griffin*. Frederick Prince of Wales 1707-51. 232pp. Jarrolds. £2.50.

Always at odds with his family, wayward and unpredictable, Frederick Prince of Wales is not an inspiring subject for a biographer. John Walters portrays him as not altogether unattractive, emphasizing his charm as a youth in Hanover, his fondness for music and art, his lack of affectation and his popularity with the common people. He visualized himself as a future "people's monarch". But he was profligate and extravagant, and his treatment of Handel was such that his biographer finds it unforgivable. He wrote a bad play which caused an uproar at Drury Lane, and a satirical romance at the expense of the royal family which was suppressed by the government. Mr Walters does not explore his character in depth (perhaps there was not much depth to explore) but he has produced a readable life-story of his somewhat unpromising subject.

LORD PLATT. *Private and Controversial*. 190pp. Cassell. £3.50.

Lord Platt's life has been governed by a spirit of liberal humanity and future authors could learn a great deal from a study of his attitude. Both doctors and patients, either actual or potential, should read this book: doctors will gain much from Lord Platt's sane approach to medical matters and will also learn how to get the best out of their patients—a matter which is all too often overlooked. Patients, for their part, will learn how to get the best out of their doctor and the reason for many aspects of a doctor's attitude and approach which may be puzzling to them. Lord Platt's love of music (he is a keen cellist) is transparent throughout this book and completes the picture of the sensible, thoughtful and unconventional person he has shown himself to be. Lord Platt states clearly that he does not belong to any orthodox, or unorthodox, religious body, but the philosophy and interpretation of life and death which he expounds seem to be of greater value than those expounded by many who call themselves religious.

Costume

Index to British Military Costume Prints 1500-1914. 488pp. Army Museums Ogilby Trust. £9.50.

This valuable reference book records more than 15,000 prints and will be warmly welcomed by students of military dress. The index is not comprehensive since it includes a sample of portraits of high-ranking officers and battle prints only where they give information about uniforms. On the other hand nearly 400 music covers and song sheets are listed. The compilers admit that there are inevitably some omissions and errors, but generally the book reflects great credit on the Ogilby Trust, whose third publication it is.

There are two main lists of prints, one of sets and books, and the other of single prints. These have been helpfully indexed in three ways: the first under artists, engravers and publishers; the second, regimental, index will be less easy for non-specialists to use since the title on a print is not necessarily listed, e g, the 93rd Highlanders is to be found under the Argyll and Sutherland Highlanders; the third index is under people and places. A mild complaint must be made of some disappointing plates, particularly those of quarter page in which uniforms are difficult to distinguish and legends are illegible. Nevertheless, this Index will be a standard work, should be in every main library and will be indispensible to collectors, dealers, and museum curators.

T·L·S

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History

BLACKLEY, F. D. and HERMANSEN, G. (Editors). *The Household Book of Queen Isabella of England*. 255pp. Edmonton: The University of Alberta Press.

This is a text and translation of the account of the keeper of the wardrobe of Edward II's queen, Isabella, for the expenses of her household between July, 1311 and July, 1312. The account is well known, in so far as it was used by the late Hilda Johnstone in her analyses of the organization of queens' households; but it is a great advantage to have it in print. Far too few royal household accounts have been published. This one provides incidental pieces of important information. For example it shows that Isabella had a copy of the Ordinances made for her and that Trokelowe's story of Edward's abandonment of his wife at Tynemouth in 1312 is unjust to the king. More generally accounts of this kind are naturally of the greatest value to the student of the working and personnel of the royal administration. In the last resort it may prove that it is the economic historian who has most to gain from them. Like most great lords and ladies, Isabella spent much of her income on cloth and luxury goods. The fairly abundant evidence for such expenditure has been little studied. The text and translation have been carefully done, though with some eccentricities, e g, "stewart" for "steward" throughout.

Politics

NANDA, B. R. (Editor). *Socialism in India*. 299pp. Delhi: Vikas. Rs 35.

There has been a good deal of confusion about the various factors which combined to produce Indian socialism as it can now be observed; and those responsible for directing the research undertaken by the Nehru Memorial Museum deserve to be congratulated on their decision to explore this important field. After a systematic study of socialism in India between 1919 and 1939 had been inaugurated by the circulation of a detailed chronology and a select bibliography, a seminar, attended by some thirty scholars, was held in November, 1968, at which twenty-five papers were presented and discussed. Certain themes and fields which could not be covered were relegated to a later seminar, held in October, 1969. This was attended by twenty-five scholars, and thirteen papers were contributed.

The present volume contains ten of the most representative papers gathered from both seminars. They deal with such questions as the ideology of socialism, the influence of Soviet Russia and the Communist International, the reactions of the Indian National Congress, the influence of the agrarian movements, and the impact of socialist ideas on two great literatures—Marathi and Telugu. The papers are very competent, and deserve careful study. The editing and the format of the volume are both first-rate.

Sports and Pastimes

EVANS, LARRY. *Chess Questions Answered*. 249pp. Faber and Faber. £2.

The bulk of this book derives from a series of articles published by the author in *Chess Life and Review* and shares with them the merits and defects of occasional journalism. It is lively and interesting but its topicality is already fading into a kind of *vieux jeu* and much too much of the content consists of opinions, statements and quotations at third hand. Far the weakest part of the book is that mentioned in the subtitle "the ten best games of the modern era". Of these only two have real claims to be so considered and the remaining eight, including the two in which the author is involved, would scarcely come into question for appearance in an anthology of the *hundred* best games.

BONET, EDUARDO and others. *Bulls and Bullfighting*. Translated by Rafael Millan. 332pp. 560 illustrations. Allen and Unwin. £8.40.

This gaudy, cumbersome album was made in America and published there by Crown Publishers Inc. It is endlessly informative and interestingly if crudely illustrated. The three sections deal with "The Bullfighter", "The Bull" and "The Bullfight", and nothing seems to have been left out; there is a good glossary of technicalities. The translation is like bad Hemingway, with key words—*toro, toreo, torero*—left in Spanish so that even expert analysis sounds more like a prospectus.

Symbology

SHEPHERD, WALTER (Compiler). *Shepherd's Glossary of Graphic Signs and Symbols*. 597pp. Dent. £6.

This is a most unusual volume. Every book about a subject gives the symbols used in that subject, but here is one that attempts to give all the signs used in at least seventeen subjects. They are classified geometrically as marks that occupy two dimensions, one dimension (lines) or no dimensions (dots). Naturally this requires a good deal of indexing and cross-referencing, but it is all there. It is a reference book for libraries, but it will also give much pleasure to the browser.

Walter Shepherd modestly says that his researches are issued with the expectation that future experience will improve their accuracy, possibly their workmanship and increase their utility". It is in that spirit that a few comments may be offered. The origins of the signs of the Zodiac are mysterious, but that for Aries is hardly likely to be the Greek capital letter upsilon (Y); it is more suggestive of a ram's horns. The symbol for an unknown quantity in algebra is probably a form of the small letter alpha (α, first letter of *arithmos*, number), not of zeta (ζ). In the fascinating game could go on for a long time, and a reader can easily be amazed at Mr Shepherd's erudition, ranging from tramps' "sign language" through hallmarks to mathematical logic.

Topography

PLUNKETT, JAMES. *The Gems I Wore*. A Book of Irish Places. 208pp. Hutchinson. £2.80.

Beginning with memories of childhood and youth in the Dublin he described so fully in his novel *Strumpet City*, James Plunkett recalls seaside resorts and country holidays in Rostrevor, Kilkee, Ringsend with "the ghosts and associations" of the medieval castle and then describes happy wanderings in Wicklow, Tipperary, and the western counties from Cork to Donegal, including the Arran Isles and the northern Arranmore. Though nostalgic by the beauty of the scenery he is more concerned with the myths which linger in the memory of country people and their evocation by local poets such as Joseph Campbell and Padraic Gore-Booth, for he treats even the modern writers with affection. To the end, as he says, has not the truth of fact, and his own historical allusions are often inaccurate in detail, but he recalls imaginatively the people whom the legends recall, the Bronze Age people with their pagan rituals, the credulous, ascetic medieval monks, the warrior chiefs who withstood Norman and English invaders. His friendships with Frank O'Connor and Pendar O'Donnell are here gratefully remembered, and him this sense of "indivisible friendship" with Irish antiquity replace the "solemn nonsense of cardboard idealizations of the Home-and-Virtue school of patriots". He recaptures the past in its own setting by his record, for instance, of the adventures of the O'Sullivans and O'Neills in the seventeenth century from Berehaven to Lough Swilly.

Wine and Food

LATHAM, JEAN. *The Pleasure of Your Company*. A History of Manners and Meals. 179pp. A. and C. Black. £3.25.

Another book on meals and manners! They seem to appear more and more quarterly, each more gaudy and expensive than the one before. Jean Latham's is the anthology type, with copious quotation from primary sources—Pepys, Evelyn, Boswell, Fiennes, and famous meals from fiction. After harrowing revelations of our ancestors' manners such as Phillippa Pullar gave us in *Consuming Passions* this book is mild, and even the chapter on, horrible cines could hardly turn the weakest stomach. But the book is agreeably written and the author's sometimes able affection for poor Fanny Burney in her period as keeper of the waiting, and for Parson Woodforde shine out. The portrait of the latter is a revelation—not the comic Rowlandson type one expects, but a long-haired, ascetic-looking one with an air of the Stuart Pretender clearly one who did not have to count the calories he consumed and recorded in his diary.

An authority on dishes, Latham has many illustrations of jugs and dishes as well as of meals and social occasions. Alas the plates in print, is rather wishy-washy, and the coloured Gillray of "Temperance" on the frontispiece—George III spooning up soft-boiled egg—is splodgy.

We regret that the publishers of Rozanov's *Dostoevsky and the Legend of the Grand Inquisitor* (July 21) was given as the Johns Hopkins Press, when it is in fact the Cornell University Press (IBEC).

CLASSIFIED ADVERTISEMENTS

LIBRARIANS

AYR COUNTY COUNCIL
LIBRARY SERVICE
APPLICATIONS are invited from CHARTERED LIBRARIANS for the post of
ASSISTANT LIBRARIAN
in the Library Headquarters, County Buildings, Ayr. Post superannuable, salary £1,599 to £2,001 per annum (method of entry and age limits). Appointment subject to satisfactory medical examination.
Applications in writing will full particulars of age, qualifications, experience, with names and addresses of two referees, to the County Librarian, County Buildings, Ayr, KA7 1DR, by 14th August, 1972. Please quote reference 1/1971.

THE BRITISH COUNCIL
Become a LIBRARIAN for Libraries Overseas. Graduates, graduates with a satisfactory degree, those qualifying in a subject field are considered. Successful candidates will be given an initial course in library and language studies. Possibility of permanent or short service overseas. Salary £1,325 to £1,625 on appointment, rising to £1,625 to £2,026 on 25 to 31 years' service. Generous pension scheme, with outside arrangements.
Write quoting G/JACE to Staff Recruitment Officer, The British Council, 65 Davies Street, London W1Y 2AA, for further particulars and application form to be submitted by 15 August.

COUNTY BOROUGH OF BLACKPOOL
PUBLIC LIBRARIES
CENTRAL LENDING LIBRARIAN
APPLICATIONS are invited for the post from suitably experienced CHARTERED LIBRARIANS. Salary £1,425 (£2,100 to £2,376).
Further details from, and applications to the Chief Librarian and Libraries Consultant, Public Library, Queen Street, Blackpool FY1 1PX by 20th August, 1972.

CITY AND COUNTY OF BRISTOL
ASSISTANT LIBRARIAN
BOLAND COLLEGE OF EDUCATION
APPLICATIONS invited from qualified LIBRARIANS for above POST in expanding College Library.
Initial grade £1,140 to £1,653 per annum (subject to revision in accordance with decision of the national award).
Successful candidate will work with the Librarian in the running of a library of 12,000 volumes plus ancillary services serving 1,000 full and part-time students. Full establishment is Tutor Librarian, Assistant Librarian and clerical assistant.
Applications by letter giving full details of present position and past experience, special duties and details of qualifications and age to, not necessarily, the Senior Executive Officer, Redland College of Education, Redland Hill, Bristol BS6 6UZ.

BUCKINGHAMSHIRE EDUCATION COMMITTEE
COUNTY LIBRARY
APPLICATIONS are invited for the following POSTS in the County Library Service:
10 SECONDARY SCHOOLS' VAN LIBRARIAN, SCHOOL LIBRARY SERVICE based at Aylesbury.
Salary £1,497 to £1,920 to £2,100 per annum.
BOOK LIBRARIAN, LITTLE CHALFONT.
Salary: Librarian's scale £1,251 to £1,599 per annum.
Full Certificate of Service. Successful applicants will be required to undergo medical examination.
Applications (on forms) together with names and addresses of two referees to the County Librarian, County Library Headquarters, Walton Street, Aylesbury, Bucks, to be received by the 15th August, 1972, when further details can be obtained.

BOURNEMOUTH AND POOLE COLLEGE OF ART
ROYAL LONDON HOUSE
APPLICATIONS are invited from CHARTERED LIBRARIANS for the POST of LIBRARIAN in the College.
Salary Grade A.P.3 (£1,653 to £1,932), plus threshold and terms of appointment within two weeks of the appointment being confirmed by the Assistant Administrative Officer.

CITY AND COUNTY OF BRISTOL
SOUTH BRISTOL TECHNICAL HIGH SCHOOL FOR BOYS
Malago Road, Bristol BS3 5JL
LIBRARIAN
Salary £1,140 to £1,812 per annum (under review).
APPLICATIONS invited for above POST.
Candidates must be Chartered Librarians with experience in a technical library; an advantage. Persons interested in the establishment of a new library service are welcome to apply.
Further details available from the Librarian by 26th August.

DISTRICT CHILDREN'S LIBRARIAN
APPLICATIONS are invited for the POST as DISTRICT CHILDREN'S LIBRARIAN in Ealing Public Library Service, commencing at £1,653 per annum plus £324 London Weighting. Award pending.
Applicants must be suitably qualified and have had previous experience in children's libraries.
Details of the post and application forms from Establishment Division, London Borough of Southall, 27 Beaconsfield Road, Southall. Tel. No. 574 3411, Ext. 258. Closing date 25th August, 1972. Ref. TLS/7/1(a).

DORSET COUNTY COUNCIL
SHERBORNE LIBRARY
SENIOR ASSISTANT LIBRARIAN
APPLICATIONS are invited for the above POST from post-course librarians awaiting qualification. Applicants must have passed at least Part I examination of the Library Association or its equivalent.
Salary within the scale £1,321 to £1,611 per annum depending on qualifications and experience. Further details and application forms, returnable by 18th August, 1972, from the Clerk, County Hall, Dorchester, Dorset. Please quote reference 880.

EAST RIDING OF YORKSHIRE
EDUCATION COMMITTEE
Qualified LIBRARIAN required at Headlands School, Bridlington. East Yorkshire. This is a developing secondary school with 1,200 pupils at full, planned to become fully comprehensive based 11/18 shortly. Lord Chesterman hours.
Salary on scale £1,250 to £1,893 per annum.
Further details may be obtained from the Headmaster at the school, to whom applications by letter should be submitted without delay.

FULBOURN HOSPITAL
Cambridge, CB1 5HF
LIBRARY ASSISTANT required for routine duties in connection with providing a service to patients and staff of this psychiatric hospital.
Salary scale (age 16 years), £474 per annum; age 21 years and over, £843 per annum, rising by increments to £1,311 per annum.
Staff restaurant and social club facilities available.
Further particulars may be obtained from the hospital librarian.
Written applications, giving details of age and experience, together with the names of two referees to the Hospital Secretary.

INFORMATION AND LIBRARY SERVICE
Opportunity for young, enthusiastic LIBRARIAN / INFORMATION OFFICER. This is temporary appointment which is expected to become permanent in a few months' time (when a new international computerised service will be implemented). If you want to run an smallish technical library (or work it under) to be, now is your chance!
Telephone, write or call in and see Miss Hamilton or Mr. Ann Rubin, The Information Centre, Imperial Chemical Industries, Millbank, London, S.W.1. (01-834 4444).

ISLE OF WIGHT COUNTY COUNCIL
COUNTY LIBRARY SERVICE
SCHOOL (CHILDREN'S) LIBRARIAN (2)
There are two new appointments in which the post-holders will be engaged primarily on duties in Isle of Wight School libraries, but will also be responsible to the County Children's Librarian for specific duties at Branch Libraries during school holiday periods.
Both appointments are graded on the special Librarians Scale (£1,251 to £1,599). Candidates must be suitably qualified and although previous experience of school or children's libraries would be an advantage, applications will be considered from students now leaving library school.
Job description and application forms available from the County Librarian, County Library, Newport, Isle of Wight. Closing date 18th August, 1972.

BOROUGH OF KETTERING
PUBLIC LIBRARY
There is a vacancy on the Librarian's Grade (£1,251 to £1,599 per annum) for a SENIOR ASSISTANT for stock editing and reader advisory duties, point of entry on the grade being fixed according to qualifications and experience. There are six other qualified staff on the establishment and this post is suitable for a recently qualified librarian. Housing accommodation, removal expenses, and medical and disturbance allowances are available where appropriate. Further information may be obtained from the Borough Librarian.
Applications, with the names of two referees are to be sent to the undersigned by August 19th, 1972.
D DUNSFORD-PRICE, Town Clerk.
Municipal Offices, Bowling Green Road, Kettering, Northants.

LANCASHIRE
WIGAN AND DISTRICT MINING AND TECHNICAL COLLEGE
Wigan
APPLICATIONS are invited from men and women for the POST of LIBRARIAN responsible to the Chief Librarian in the College Library Service. Duties to start by arrangement.
Candidates must be Chartered Librarians, preferably experienced in a college of technology, and with an interest in a specific subject.
Salary scale £1,911 to £2,100 per annum (under national review). Starting point according to qualifications and experience.
Further particulars and application form from the undersigned. Closing date 15th August, 1972.
Previous applicants will be reconsidered.
F. Lyall Smith, Principal.

LONDON BOROUGH OF HACKNEY
(LIBRARIES SERVICE)
CHILDREN'S LIBRARIAN
APPLICATIONS are invited from qualified LIBRARIANS with experience of work with young people for the above post.
Salary A.P.3, £1,653 to £1,947 inclusive. Forms of application from City Librarian and Town Clerk, Town Hall, Mare Street, E8 1EA (Telephone 01-986 3131, Ext. 2). Closing date for acceptances 16th August, 1972.

LONDON BOROUGH OF HARROW
SENIOR ASSISTANT LIBRARIAN required for the Libraries Section of the Education Department including special responsibility for work with children.
Salary: Librarians' Grade (Special) £1,356 to £1,599 per annum inclusive, or £1,599 to £1,947 per annum inclusive for a Chartered Librarian.
Application form and job description and conditions from the Chief Executive and Town Clerk, Station Road, Harrow, Middx. to be returned by 18th August, 1972.

INVESTMENT RESEARCH
A leading City house requires a qualified male librarian aged between 24 and 28 to maintain and extend the Research library and to control ancillary services. Salary in the region of £2,500 with a profit-sharing scheme.
Applications should be made to Box 0338 TLS, The Times, EC4P 4DE.

City of Westminster
ASSISTANT CITY LIBRARIAN
Principal Officer range £4,047-£4,833 inclusive.
Applicants must be chartered librarians with wide experience in the administration of public libraries. This post is third in seniority and duties include acting for the City Librarian when required, preparing reports, supervising special and technical services and library publications, and co-operating with architects in library planning.
To obtain application form and further details please send postcard, 'phone or call at the Establishment Office (Ref. L7), Westminster City Hall, Victoria Street, SW1E 6QW. Tel. No. 01-834 7055 (24-hour Answerphone service). Closing date 28th August, 1972.

UNIVERSITY OF AARHUS, DENMARK
Lectureship in English Literature 1972-1973
Applications are invited for a post as temporary lecturer in English Literature. The post will be tenable from 1st (or 15th) September 1972 to 31st July 1973. Preference will be given to the applicant with special interest in 16th and 17th, or 18th-century English Literature.
Applications with at least two references and giving details of research and teaching experience should be sent not later than 21st August to Aarhus Universitet, 8000 Aarhus C, Denmark.

ARMAGH COUNTY COUNCIL
SCHOOLS LIBRARY ORGANISER
Applications are invited from Chartered Librarians for the above post in the County Library Service.
Salary scale £1,832-£2,199 (under review), point of entry to be determined by reference to experience.
Further particulars and application form may be obtained from the County Librarian, County Library Headquarters, Charlemont Gardens, The Mall, Armagh. Closing date 18th August, 1972.

ROYAL BURGH OF AYR
AYR PUBLIC LIBRARY
a) Depute Burgh Librarian
b) Senior Assistant (Bibliographical Services)
Chartered Librarians with appropriate qualifications and experience.
For the post of Depute £1,872-£2,283, and for the post of Senior Assistant £1,545-£1,932.
The duties of the Depute will cover the whole range of Library Services with special responsibility for staffing.
The Senior Assistant will be responsible for the request service, stock control and some classification.
The Library has a full development programme, including conversion to computer charging in 1972 and the provision of a number of new buildings.
The positions are superannuable and N.J.I.C. conditions of service will apply. The Council operate a Group Life Scheme.
Further particulars may be obtained from and applications for both posts should be submitted to the Librarian, Carnegie Library, 12 Main Street, Ayr, not later than twenty-one days after the date of this advertisement. All applications must provide the names of two referees.
Town Buildings, Ayr. 31st July, 1972
DAVID C. RICHMOND, S.S.C., Town Clerk and Clerk to the Library Committee

Suitably experienced persons are invited to apply for the post of
ASSISTANT-IN-CHARGE
at CHANTRY BRANCH LIBRARY.
Salary, according to experience and qualifications, within scale A.P. 2 (£1,530 to £1,803 per annum); 37½-hour, 5-day week on rota basis.
Removal expenses, settling-in allowances and temporary lodging allowance will be paid in appropriate circumstances.
Ipswich county borough
Further details from the CHIEF LIBRARIAN, CENTRAL LIBRARY, IPSWICH, IP1 3DE, to whom applications, giving all relevant information, should be sent by August 14.

LONDON BOROUGH OF BROMLEY
BROMLEY COLLEGE OF TECHNOLOGY
DEPUTY LIBRARIAN
Applications are invited from Chartered Librarians for appointment on Qualified Librarians' Scale up to £2,100 per annum (under review), plus £105 London Weighting.
Duties would cover staff administration, book selection and ordering, classification and cataloguing. Experience in library-centred non-book media would be an advantage.
Further details from the Librarian, Bromley College of Technology, Rookery Lane, Bromley, BR2 8HR, to whom application should be made by 1st September, 1972.

Cheshire County Council
Branch Librarian £2,100-£2,661 Wilmslow
Applications are invited from chartered librarians for the above post at the Wilmslow Branch Library within the Grade AP/4/5 (£2,100-£2,661).
Application form and details from The Director, Libraries and Museums, 91 Hoole Road, Chester, CH2 3NG. Closing date 18th August.

THE COMMONWEALTH INSTITUTE
Kensington, W8 6NQ
has a VACANCY for a LIBRARY ASSISTANT. The post is particularly suitable for pre-Library School trainee. Varied duties including counter work.
Applications in writing to the Establishment Officer.

CRAIGIE COLLEGE OF EDUCATION, AYR
COLLEGE LIBRARY
CATALOGUER: Applications are invited from Chartered Librarians for the post of Cataloguer in this multi-media library of 40,000 volumes. The successful applicant, who should be free to take up duty as soon as possible, will be responsible to the Principal Librarian for the classification and cataloguing of all forms of library stock including non-book materials of various types.
Salary scale: N.J.C. A/P "C" - "E" (£1,872-£2,487) with placing to be arranged.
Further information and forms of application may be obtained from the College Secretary, Craigie College of Education, Ayr, KA8 0SR, to whom completed application forms should be returned by 26th August, 1972.

BRUNEL UNIVERSITY
ASSISTANT LIBRARIAN
Applications are invited for the post of Assistant Librarian in the University Library. Candidates should be graduates in the field of either Science, Technology or Social Sciences and should either hold a recognised library qualification or have completed a course leading to such a qualification.
The successful candidate will be expected to take part in developing the library service for members of the University working in one of the subject areas mentioned above, and there will also be an opportunity to take part in some aspect of the administrative work of the Library.
Commencing salary dependent upon qualifications and in the scale £1,641-£2,229 plus London Allowance of £162 per annum. Promotion prospect. Holidays: start: 4½ four weeks per year; the University pays choice for the Easter and Christmas weeks and good Reflexology and social facilities are at hand.
Postcard for application forms to Establishment Secretary, Brunel University, Uxbridge, Middlesex, or telephone Uxbridge 37185, ext. 34. Closing date: 18th August, 1972.

University of Wales
university college of swansea
Assistant Librarian
Applications are invited from graduates with relevant experience in a university library, or from non-graduates with professional qualifications and experience, for the post of Assistant Librarian. Readers Services, with special responsibility for control of book circulation and issue desk services.
The salary will be within either the preliminary scale £1,452 to £1,641 per annum or from £1,641 to £2,676 (bar), according to qualifications and experience.
Further particulars and application forms (2 copies) may be obtained from the Registrar, University College of Swansea, Singleton Park, Swansea, SA2 8PP, to whom they should be returned by Monday, August 14, 1972.

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